

4 T H B I R T H D A Y I S S U E

MAXIM

AUSTRALIA

ISSUE 49 AUGUST 2015

LILY
ALDRIDGE

THE RISE OF A
VICTORIA'S SECRET
SUPERMODEL

PAGE 34

SHANE WARNE

CONOR
McGREGOR

CHARLI
XCX

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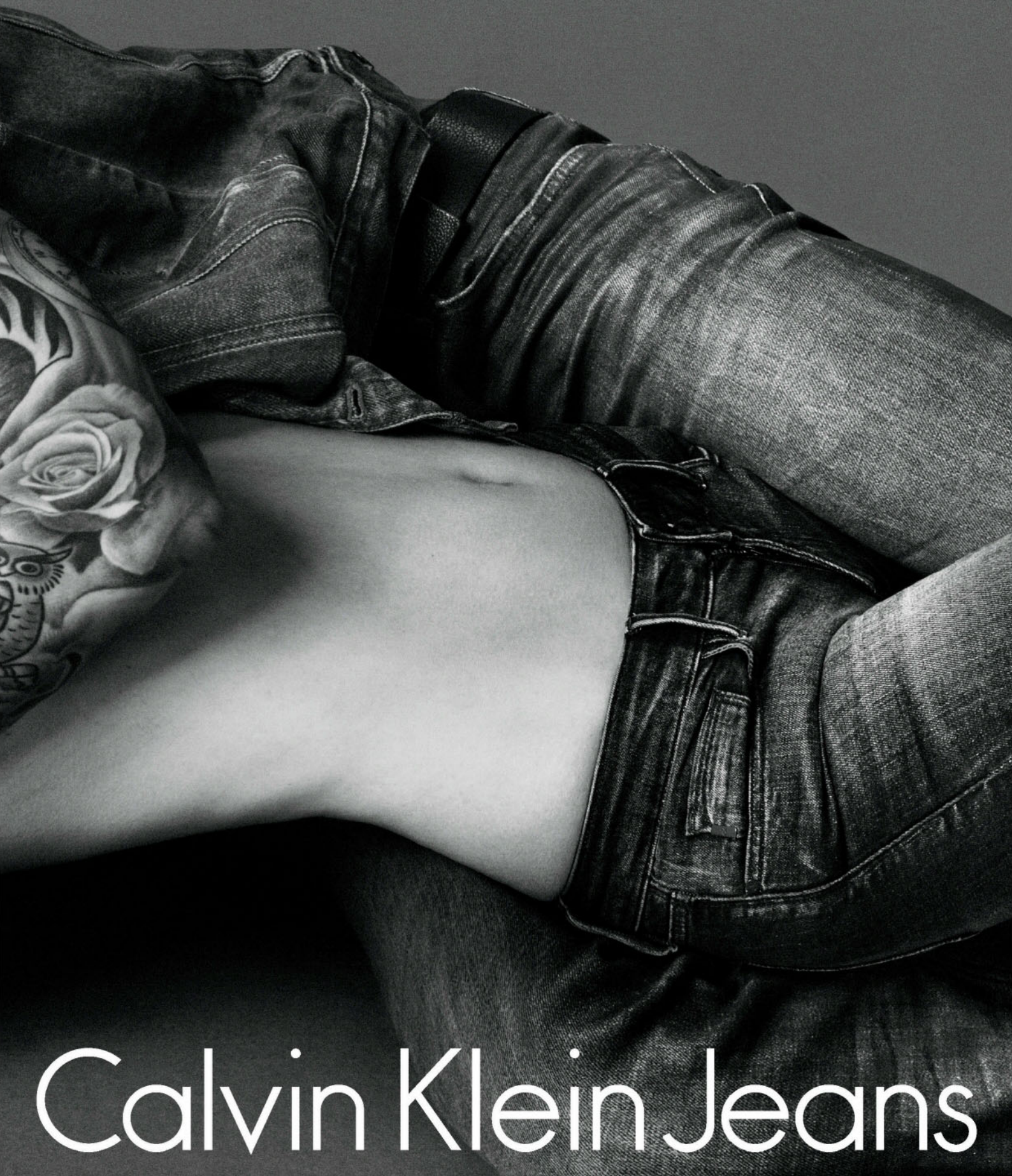
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TWO GIANT FOLD-OUT POSTERS

LILY ALDRIDGE

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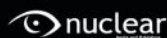
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EDITOR'S NOTE

When *MAXIM Australia* launched in 2011 we never imagined we'd be celebrating our 4th birthday this month. The critics said we didn't have a leg to stand on and that our venture would be short-lived. Yet, four years on, we remain standing tall. Perhaps not as sober as we should be but nevertheless proud of our achievements, and still holding our own. Of course, we embrace the haters but simply couldn't have done it without YOU, the loyal reader. So this issue is dedicated to the people who believed from the get-go, and who continue to believe in *MAXIM*. And, generally, to hardworking individuals who persevere through their commitments, despite hardship. Like gritty UK pop star Charli XCX (page 12) who grew up wanting to be "the bad cheerleader smoking behind the bleachers" with no real ambition, yet is now a sexy chart-topping sensation. Or like cricket legend Shane Warne, who informs us (on page 24) that when he first started out he used to drive his old beaten-up TC Cortina to the local park to play Shield matches for Victoria, only to end up being Australia's greatest wicket taker with over 1,000 international scalps to his name. And former plumber, Conor McGregor (p50), the UFC's loudmouth Irish featherweight who has gone from relative unknown to possibly the most electrifying character in the sport, explains: "My success isn't a result of arrogance – it's a result of belief." True dat. Then there's our cover girl Lily Aldridge (p34), one of the hottest Victoria's Secret Angels in the game, telling us she was a "lanky, awkward teen" who never got asked out on a date in high school. CRAZY, I know! Not unlike all the aforementioned folk, we too have scoffed at adversity and survived plenty of blood, sweat and tears in the last 49 issues. Thank you to the diligent *MAXIM* staff and thank YOU again for your continued support. Until next issue, keep flicking through, enjoy, drink up, and... happy birthday to us!

Cheers,
Santi

Editor-in-Chief



ASK THE GRILL TEAM



The trio from Triple M's Grill Team in Sydney – Gus Worland, Mark Geyer, and Matty Johns – answer a tough topic each month

THIS MONTH: WHAT'S THE WORST BIRTHDAY YOU'VE EVER HAD?



everyone was sloshed and the food was gone. Worst. Party Ever.

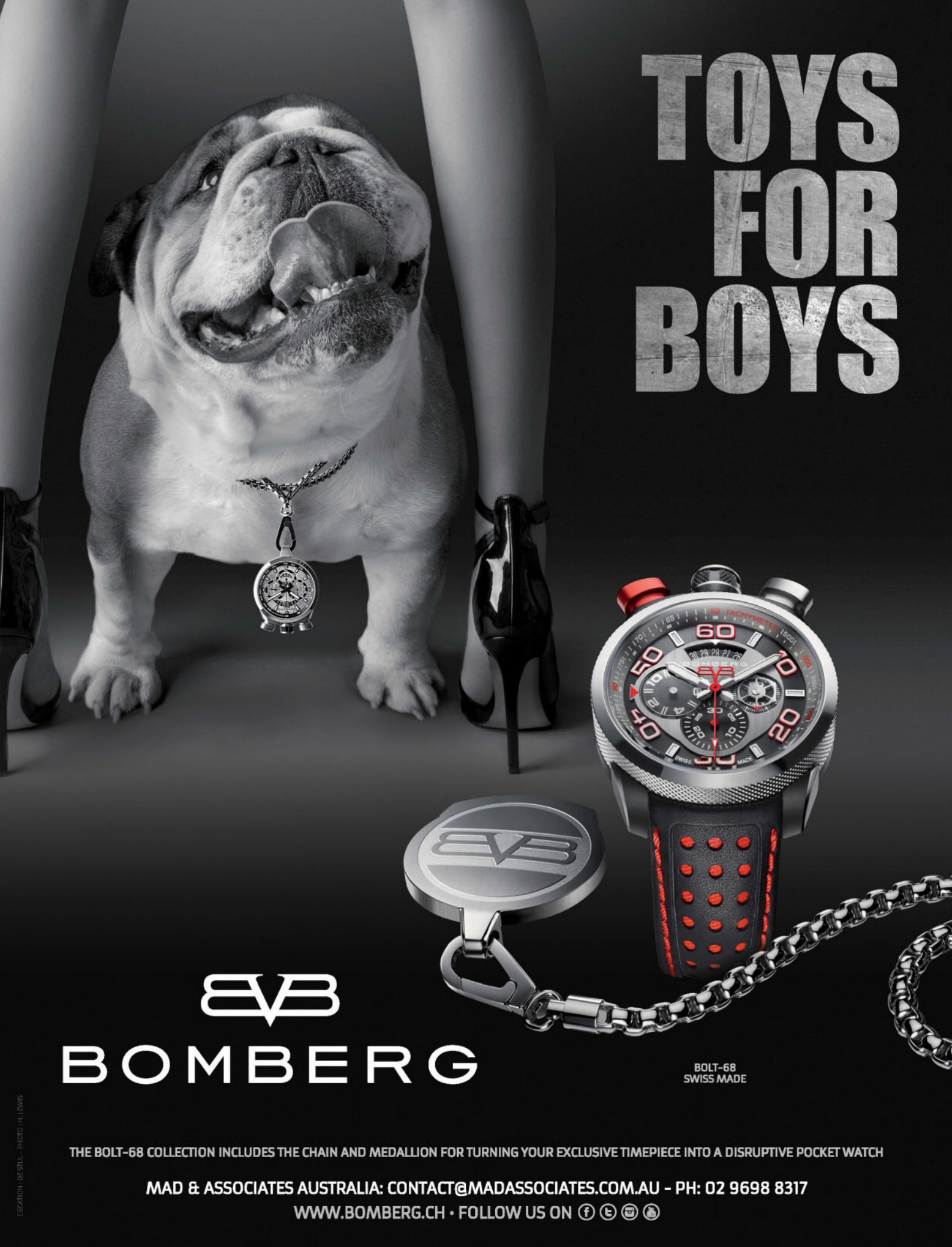


MG: My two milestone birthdays were probably my worst. On my 18th, after downing yard glass after yard glass, we had an all-in brawl involving mates of mates. We were just way too drunk. And for my 21st I was in England upstairs at a pub having a beer on my own.



Matty: I was 11 and we'd just bought a new VCR. So I had all my mates around for a party and sent dad to the video store to get *Friday the 13th Part 2* for us. He came back with *The Deer Hunter*. It turned out to be one of the greatest movies ever but not when you're 11.

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THE HARD-DRIVING
22-YEAR-OLD POP
PHENOM CHARLI
XCX IS ONE OF THE
BRIGHTEST STARS IN
THE MUSIC BUSINESS.
AND SHE'S JUST
GETTING STARTED





THE FIRST THREE TIMES, I didn't mention it, but at this point it's worth bringing up. "You know you've slapped me four times during this interview," I tell Charli XCX. "No, I haven't," she protests, rolling her eyes. I start to recite the incidents back at her, counting on my fingers and then giving up after two. Both of us arrived here needing a drink, and now we've had more

than I can count. The specifics have gotten blurry.

It's 1A.M. in Oslo's city centre, and we're at Kulturhuset, a rowdy bar filled with Norwegian hipsters, their beards dangling perilously close to their pints of pale ale. "Oh, whatever, they were more like facepalms anyway," she says, as the next round arrives. Sam, her buddy from home whom she's made her assistant, refreshes us every 20 minutes or so.

Charli's a British singer (and a British drinker) who became globally famous in the most American way imaginable: writing and singing the school-bully hook of Iggy Azalea's "Fancy". The video, in which Charli had a supporting role, was a scene-for-scene re-creation of the Valley girl classic *Clueless*: an orgy of cheerleaders, house parties, and red cups. Since then her videos have touched on other archetypes of American-youth cinema: she's a trashy mess in the video for "Doing It", a prom-ruining alpha bitch in "Break the Rules" and the world's gnarliest cheerleader in her latest video, for "Famous".

She grew up wanting to be "the bad kind of cheerleader, the one who smokes behind the bleachers" and is now obsessed with the forgotten pop misfits of her youth: Avril Lavigne, t.A.T.u., Hilary Duff (for whom Charli wrote the *Billboard* top 10 hit "Boom Clap", recording it herself only because Duff's people said it "wasn't cool enough"). In person, she's seemingly devoid of ego. She's tactile and relentlessly honest, and she never breaks eye contact. If she wants to say something off the record, she doesn't go, "Hey, this is off the record." She goes, "Literally, you have to swear on your life. *Swear on your life*. If you put this in, I will literally hate you forever and ever and I will ruin your life. *Do you swear? Promise?*"

Not that she holds a lot back. An exchange about our respective hotel-room habits shifts easily to porn. "It's not like I arrive in a new hotel room and immediately open up RedTube," she says. "But I will if I need to." Nearly all her stories involve big nights out and bodily functions. There's the feces she found on the floor of her Mexico hotel room and spent an hour photographing. The night she got so drunk with a member of cutesy boy band 5 Seconds of Summer, she had to cancel her flight. The long, hungover appearance on live British TV, during which she kept a bucket under the table to barf in and napped on a sofa between segments. Just a few nights ago, she was out late and then got straight on the bus to travel to the next stop of the Katy Perry tour, for which she's the opener. "I woke up in the night and I was in the middle of a 17-hour ride," she recalls. "I was just like, *I can't be bothered to go downstairs*, so I picked up my designer handbag and thought, *Let's just go for this*. I threw up in it three times." Which is not to say she's entirely reckless. She wisely declines to name the luxury brand, explaining, "They'd just gifted it to me."

This is her life, a series of extravagances and wince-inducing repercussions. But ask about *her*, the woman named Charlotte Emma Aitchison, and the exuberance quickly fades. Charli repeatedly insists that she's a "pessimist", a "cynic", that she's "always bored". And she means it. "I'm just not very good at being happy all the time," she says.

"I feel like an outsider because I'm not always trying to put my game face on. I don't even *have* a game face."

You could have fooled me. From all appearances, we are having fun – joking, laughing, getting utterly plastered. But as the night goes on, I begin to get the sense that there's nothing Charli XCX, a 22-year-old with the world at her feet, fears more than genuine contentment.

I'D NEVER MET CHARLI BEFORE, BUT I USED TO SEE HER

around. When I was a teenager in London, a group of eager promoters managed briefly to circumvent the authorities and stage a series of wild bacchanals in warehouses on the outskirts of the city. These so-called "all-age" parties (there was never anyone a day older than 18 there) were wild, out-of-control raves full of drugs and underage sex. Think *Lord of the Flies* but with girls and ketamine and nobody named Piggy. In between DJ sets, live performers would come on, including a memorable 15-year-old girl who was usually wearing three clashing vintage outfits and hippie face paint, with wild black hair. Her songs were about club kids who thought they were all that (in other words, her audience). Sample lyric: *We've got our neons on and our glow sticks out, trying to fight it out to see who's more individual.* That was Charli.

"My parents would actually drop me off at those raves," she says. "I remember one time my mum came to pick me up at, like, 5 A.M., and some guy threw up all over her shoes. But I loved it. I was like, 'Mum, when I grow up I want to live in a warehouse.'"

That era created the city's youngest celebrities. There were 14-year-olds on the covers of London fashion magazines, mostly just because they were such hard-core partyers. Charli was a part of the first generation of teenagers to start developing their personal brands while still in homeroom. When she was 18, she attended one of the world's most exclusive art schools, the Slade, but she hated having to explain her weird ideas and love of Britney Spears. She was a doer, not an analyser. So she focused on writing music, for herself and for others. Charli spent half an hour in her hotel room writing "I Love It" but as

soon as it was finished she knew she didn't want it. She gave it to Icona Pop, and when the song blew up, Charli, then 20, heard her vocal was still on the record. What followed was a series of internal industry wranglings that led to the soon-to-be global hit being rereleased as "Icona Pop featuring Charli XCX". More hits followed.

Now she is here – at this bar, at seemingly every bar – promoting her album *Sucker* and apparently enjoying the spoils. But she insists otherwise. "I'm not going to lie and say everything's amazing, because sometimes it's really fucking tough," she says. "I'm not good at being a picture-perfect pop star, happy all the time. If I'm having a bad day, I can't pretend. I'm always a bit unhappy, but that's just me. I like dwelling in my sadness."

Minutes later, though, she's telling me about buying a house in

**"IT'S NOT
LIKE I ARRIVE
IN A NEW HOTEL
ROOM AND
IMMEDIATELY
OPEN UP
REDTUBE
BUT I WILL
IF I NEED TO."**

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GABBANA**; RING,
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MAKE-UP, **PEP GAY**
AT STREETERS;
MANICURE, **LINE
IRENE AASLAND**
AT THIEF SPA

the English countryside that she's decked out like a "Miami '70s porn pad," with shag-carpet walls and low, backless sofas, "so it's like having beds everywhere." Even her room on the tour bus has a ceiling mirror. I just don't know what to do with the contradiction — this star who seizes opportunities, who seems to indulge in success, but keeps wanting to tell me that none of it makes her happy. I ask her to square the two. "Just because I might be bored doesn't mean I have to look boring," she responds. "I'd rather look fabulous, like I'm having a great time. There's nothing that says *boss* more than a belly chain and snakeskin trousers. My dad always used to encourage me to dress weird."

Charli pulls out her phone and shows me some pictures of her father, dressed in nine different patterns of tartan. I see the connection. Drinks keep coming; the interview has disintegrated. At one point she asks me what I think of the rock band Royal Blood, and lets me babble on about how they're the death of music. A few minutes later she introduces me to her friend Mike Kerr, Royal Blood's singer-bassist, then revels in the awkwardness. I take this as my cue to leave. "What's your number?" Charli says before I go. "Let's see how hungover we are tomorrow. If it's bad, you can come to my room and I'll show you how to order room service properly."

Room service, as she's told me a few times already, is her greatest joy on the road.

THE NEXT EVENING, CHARLI IS LIGHTING UP AN ARENA OF 20,000 Katy Perry fans. Onstage, there's a giant red lollipop protruding into the rafters. Charli's doing oi-punk fist pumps. At one point she just collapses on the floor and keeps singing. She is a ball of raw energy, and a jolt to the tween girls here with *KP* painted on their foreheads. By the end, they squeal for a Charli encore.

I go backstage. Charli is slumped on an IKEA couch, but she's joking around, nothing but sunshine. She fared better than I did this morning; she just "boshed two paracetamol," she says, and was up at 7 A.M. to see a solar eclipse (but got stuck in the hotel elevator and missed it). Now that I've known her for a full 24 hours, I feel it's time to press her a bit. "Charli," I say, "maybe it's time to admit that you're actually enjoying this and relax a little." "But that's just who I am," she protests. "I have a business mind, I have a real drive — I want to have an empire. I want to have more of a legacy, and I think just because I wear what I wear, and am a pop star, doesn't mean I can't have that."

I yank a memory out of last night's haze: She had described herself as a control freak. "Power gets me off," she said. "I always want more

DRESS, LANVIN;
RING, BAUBLEBAR



than I have." And now Charli begins to make more sense. She doesn't dislike being a pop star; she's just afraid of what it represents. Being a pop star is like being the world's biggest marshmallow: You're soft and delicious and absolutely meaningless. A pop star is an unserious thing. That's why she's so keen to play up her downbeat side. It's her way of making clear that this role — no matter how well she inhabits it, or how much joy it secretly brings — does not define her. Charli is starting a publishing company and has begun managing other singers. She is also still a pop star opening up for Katy Perry.

But before I can propose my psychoanalysis, she starts telling me about the Grammys. She wants me to know how boring it was, how she couldn't get out of her seat because her scarf kept shedding, how she and Iggy didn't win. "It was so *dry*," she drawls.

Then she reconsiders: "Although I did get to drive around all day in a white Rolls-Royce with my friend's puppy, dressed in Moschino. Oh, and we did go to Sam Smith's after-party, and I spent 15 minutes with my tongue on his ice sculpture because I'd always wanted to get my tongue stuck on an ice sculpture. Then we rented a room at the Chateau Marmont..."

The story keeps going. I think what Charli is trying to say is: This is fun, for now. ■



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TO THE EXTREME

This edition has a few extreme additions including a crossbow, shovel, assorted knives, a sharp hatchet to cut zombie heads off, climbing rope, and an extra two gallons of fuel in portable side-mounted tanks.



Somewhere between a pushie and a motorbike, is the Motoped: a boringly named, but fascinatingly conceived slice of future tech that ticks eco-boxes while still letting you feel like a bad arse. Born out of Kickstarter, the concept provides you with the framework to combine the components of a mountain bike, with those of a xr50 pitbike, to create a hybrid with both pedals and an engine. It's highly customisable (and there are accessories, too), and for the most part takes the shape of a dirt bike... if that dirt bike was a *Terminator*.

There are currently four varieties on offer on their official website, which all build from the same concept but dramatically change the aesthetic and, therefore, attitude you'll be taking out onto the streets. It's considered a commuter bike, but can still reach 80km/h when desired - using a horizontal Honda 4-stroke engine ranging from 49cc to 125cc - which is fair bit of toe. The exercise benefits of the pedalling need little explanation, but it also helps the environment get fit, as you can get 600km on a litre of fuel with this thing... if you wanted to cruise inter-state!

They're sturdy things and YouTube already has plenty of clips with daredevils busting airs and chucking wheelies as they terrorise local parks and footpaths. These things are a crazy amount of fun, distinctly different from anything else out on the road and allow you to get to the pub quicker, which can't exactly hurt.

TECHNOLOGY

SLACK ATTACK



WITH HIS ADDICTIVE COMMUNICATION APP, SLACK, STEWART BUTTERFIELD BUILT A BILLION- DOLLAR BUSINESS IN TWO SHORT YEARS. MORE IMPRESSIVE, HE MANAGED TO MAKE WORK FEEL LIKE FUN

BY JEFF BERCOVICI

IF YOU'RE THE KIND OF PERSON WHO BITCHES incessantly about your corporate job, Stewart Butterfield has no sympathy for you. But he does have a remedy. His San Francisco-based start-up, Slack, has built a billion-dollar brand by alleviating the pain of workplace culture. A software application that allows teams to collaborate through group messaging, file sharing, and person-to-person chat, Slack replaces the most soul-deadening rituals of the information economy: the reply-all e-mail thread, the daily status meeting, and the conference call. It also supports custom emojis. Butterfield, 41, knows from soul-deadening. He sold his last company, the photo-sharing service Flickr, to Yahoo, working there for three brutal years while the Web behemoth bled the life from his creation – and then quitting with a now legendary e-mail. It's no accident that using Slack can feel more like play than work: Like Flickr, it grew out of a doomed video-game launch. Fortunately, as every gamer knows, you can always respawn and try again. Here's how he pulled it off...

FOR THE FIRST FIVE YEARS OF MY LIFE, I grew up in a log cabin in coastal British Columbia in a very small town, like 300 people, mostly hippies. No running water, no electricity. When I was 12, I changed my name from Dharma to Stewart. At that age, you just want to be normal.

FLICKR AND SLACK BOTH started out as games, but they were more about trying to build a certain kind of context for social interaction. There are a lot of people in Silicon Valley who say that your execution matters a lot more than your idea. The fact that both the initial game ideas failed but something else worked is nice evidence for that position.

THERE'S A LOT THAT'S WRONG with the way we work – bad habits that develop around control of information, people hoarding information as a means of preserving their own power. When you're using Slack everyone can see what's going on because the default mode is public.

FROM THE OUTSIDE, Yahoo was extremely successful. It was making money; it was still bigger than Google. But when I got there, I learned what a disaster of a company looks like from the inside. There were a lot of vice presidents, and it was basically a turf battle between them. Most of the energy went into politicking and infighting. As we scale Slack now, I'm very conscious of avoiding those things.

I'M NOT LIVING LIKE JESUS CHRIST, but once you get to the point where it doesn't matter financially what you order when you go out to dinner, I don't think getting richer makes a huge difference in your level of happiness.

I WENT TO GRAD SCHOOL to become a philosophy professor. A friend of mine finished his Ph.D. in philosophy and ended up getting a terrible job in Kentucky. That was my future. This was 1998, the early days of the dot-com stuff. I had a lot of friends who knew how to make Web pages. They were moving to San Francisco, making twice as much money and having lots of fun. So I dropped out.

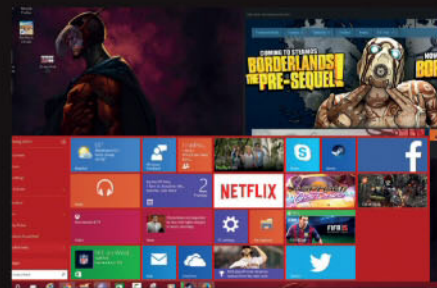
I TEND TO BE A LOT MORE HONEST and transparent with employees than most bosses are. But I've had people tell me, even those who love working with me, that I'm terrifying, which is hard for me to imagine.

WE LAUNCHED SLACK at exactly the right moment. If we had started this product three years ago, it would not have taken off like this. I can't tell you exactly why that's true. In 10 years I'll be able to. These things are not obvious at the moment, but they're obvious in retrospect.

YOU SEE PEOPLE in all walks of life who are great, and then you see people who don't care and are inconsiderate. To all the people who happily do a good job, I am grateful, and to all the people who do a terrible job of simple things, I hate you. If you don't care about what you're doing, find something else to do.



Windows 10



WITH WINDOWS NOW FINDING ITS WAY ONTO NOKIA PHONES, THE XBOX ONE, AND THE SURFACE TABLET, AN UPDATE TO THE LEGENDARY OPERATING SYSTEM HAS NEVER BEEN A BIGGER DEAL. COME JULY 29, YOU WILL NEED TO ASK YOURSELF, IS IT WORTH IT? HERE'S 10 GOOD REASONS THAT MAKE IT A WORTHY UPGRADE

The controversial, touch-focused "Metro" user interface has been scaled back. Not only is the Start Menu – removed in Windows 8 – back by popular demand, but Metro apps can also appear in tiled windows, too.

Face recognition software now means you can log directly in to the PC, including all your settings and apps, just by showing it your melon. Fingerprints are also acceptable.

After years of falling behind the pack with its browser, Microsoft is ditching Internet Explorer and delivering a new program called Edge for all your web surfing needs.

A lot of the included apps, including the music and video previewing features, have had a complete overhaul adding a lot of base functionality and the ability to re-download media across formats.

Universal Apps will allow certain programs to work across all your Windows-powered hardware from the one purchase. Using a feature called Continuum, you can even start software using an app on one device, and then continue your activity on another seamlessly.



Microsoft Office gets a huge makeover; it's now available in app form with full touch control across the entire suite. OneNote and Outlook have also been updated significantly.

An Xbox app will open a lot of the functionality enjoyed by Xbox One games for the PC. This includes viewing friends' profiles, sharing screenshots, and recording gameplay. Some games also work across PC and Xbox One, online and offline.

An AI virtual assistant is included with Windows 10. A rival to Apple's Siri, it allows you to discover answers to simple questions using only your voice. What's more, it's the sexy Cortana, famous for helping Master Chief through the *Halo* games.

It's a free upgrade for anybody who owns Windows 7 or Windows 8, just be sure to double-check your favourite program has been updated to work with the new OS before making the plunge.

Windows 10 will launch with a user-friendly software development kit specifically designed to help iOS and Android developers bring their games and apps across to the PC.





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SHANE WITH LAURA CSORTAN WARNE

MAXIM cover girl and TV presenter Laura Csortan catches up with her good mate to talk cricket and the Ashes, dating, women, hangovers, and lighting candles in his bedroom

OK, let's get the cricket talk out of the way first. What does Australia have to do to win this Ashes series?

To begin with, everyone has to stay fit. They don't want to lose any of their star players especially the bowlers. The conditions are going to suit the fast bowlers so we need them to take care of themselves. We can't rely on the tail enders to get too many runs this time because they've been helping out a lot. The top order batsman are really important, so no injuries to them. Hopefully we'll have our little hands on the urn for the first time in 14 years in England.

What are the pros for both teams?

England play very well in their own conditions, hence why we haven't won over there since 2001. It's always hard to win away from home, and it'll be hard to win in England, but the boys are playing excellent, aggressive cricket and should be favourites for this series. Other pros are the depth in their bowling and Michael Clarke's captaincy.

What is your greatest Ashes memory?

Beating England 5-0 in Australia in 2006-07. My last ever series playing international cricket and to beat the old enemy in a whitewash, and pull their pants down, was a lot of fun. Individually, my favourite highlight was bowling the Mike Gatting delivery in 1993, which was a



bloody long time ago now! To do that in a first Ashes tour, first ball in England in a first Ashes Test, was pretty cool.

Did you always want to be a professional sports star?

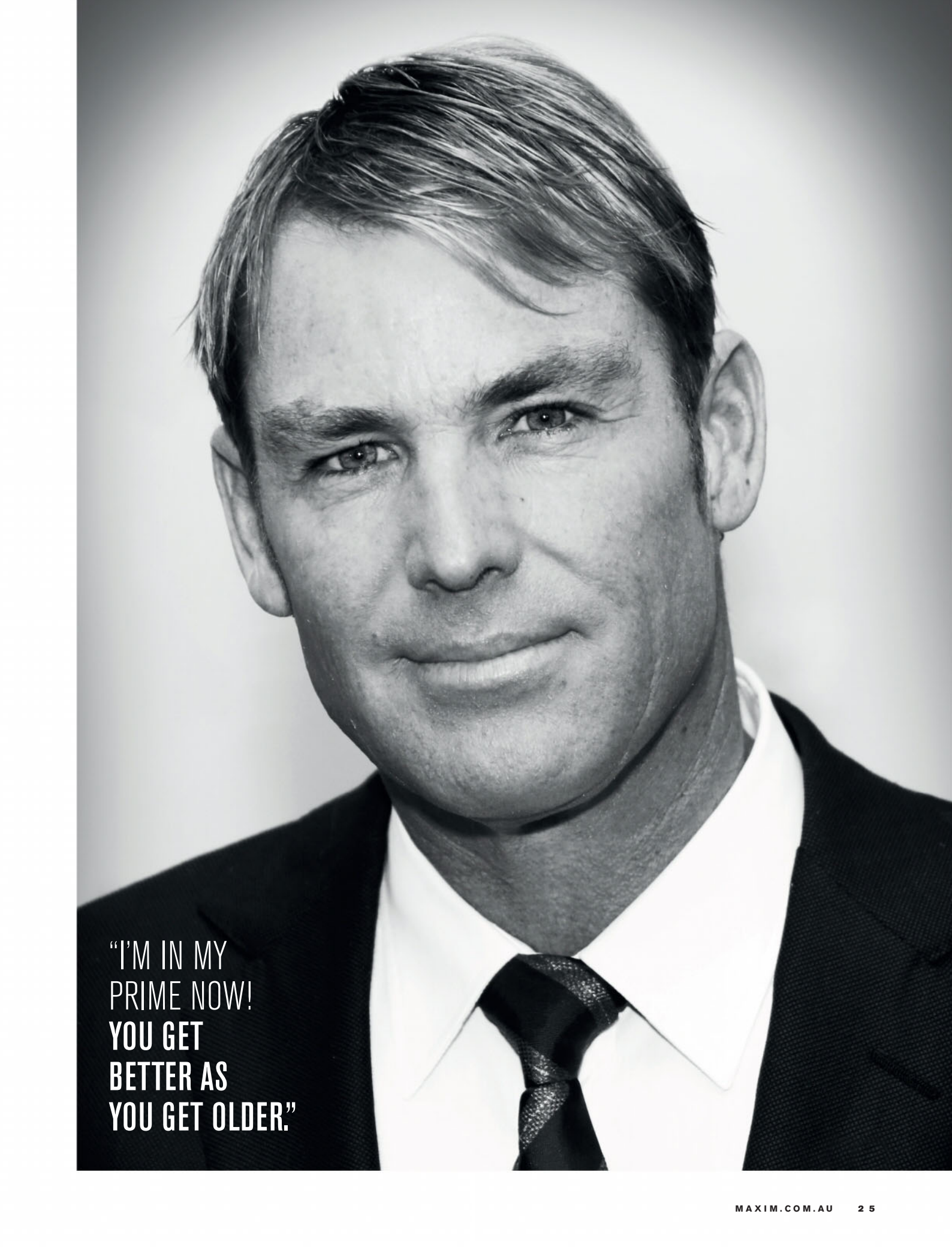
I actually always wanted to be a professional [AFL] footballer and had three years at St Kilda Football Club. Unfortunately, they released me in 1988 so I had a year off, went to England in 1999, and basically got back and played cricket for Australia 18 months later. So, cricket sort of found me.

And, obviously, you learnt to love it?

It actually bored me in the summer. I just wanted to be down the beach with my friends but I played because my friends did. Over time I was very lucky to get the opportunity to play cricket - I don't take that honour for granted, I was very privileged. Then I got a taste of playing international cricket and I was very determined to become the best version of myself and the best cricketer I could be. I like to think I repaid the faith the selectors showed in me at such a young age. I was 21 or 22 and only really played a couple of state games for Victoria before playing for Australia.

Who was your biggest inspiration at the time?

Allan Border. He is the Godfather of Australian cricket and an absolute legend. What he's done for Australian cricket and for all of us players

A black and white close-up portrait of a man with short, light-colored hair, looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. He is wearing a dark suit jacket, a white dress shirt, and a dark tie. The background is a soft, out-of-focus gradient.

**"I'M IN MY
PRIME NOW!
YOU GET
BETTER AS
YOU GET OLDER."**

who went on to do OK - you know, a big group of players from late '80s to mid-2000's, the period where we were the best side in the world. We beat everyone at home and away and AB was overseeing it. When he retired he helped a lot of us out and he was the most helpful person to me. Him and Ian Chappell. I learnt the most off Ian in regards to what it's like to be a leader, captaincy, and just a lot about aggressive cricket. They were both big influences for me.

What's the best sledging you've heard in an Ashes match?

Ah, it's always hard to answer the sledging questions because some of the stuff isn't that funny when you repeat it. When it happens in the heat of the moment it's actually really funny. My personal favourite was when I called Ian Bell the Sherminator just because he looks like the Sherminator. The night before the last day in Adelaide Michael Clarke and I were having pizza, talking about the next day's play, and just chilling out. *American Pie* was on the TV and as the Sherminator came on Michael was like, "Jeez, he looks like Ian Bell." So, the next day when I was bowling to him he walked past and I said, "What are you looking at Sherminator?" He replied, "I've been called worse." I said, "No you haven't..." and it was just one of those moments that to others won't seem super hilarious but at the time was just really funny.

Describe what it's like to win the Ashes.

The Ashes really defines every Australian and English cricketer. It doesn't matter how you do against anybody else, if you do well in an Ashes series you suddenly become a hero because it's so important. And that's not disrespecting any other series. Out of all the world cricket played, the Ashes is the most watched and most interesting even for non-cricket lovers. It just means so much and really has the ability to capture the imagination of the public. It always brings out emotions and passions you sometimes don't see from players.

What really happens in the Aussie change rooms after a victory?

There's been one of the best bottle opening situations by Andrew Flintoff I've ever seen. He had the ability to put a normal stubby, not a twist top, in his teeth and just rip it open. Everyone just cringed and he just did it all night. Strong teeth! Michael Slater had the ability to get drunk the quickest, generally a two-pot screamer ol' Slats, and Matthew Hayden was probably the quickest to get his clothes off. He liked to do that.

And what was your forte?

I was the DJ in the dressing room. I just chilled out in the corner playing tunes for the lads. Yeah, I got louder later, but only after a win. I didn't mind the odd cigar and a glass of red after a few beers. You know, just enjoy the moment and take it all in.

What's been the biggest night out after an Ashes win?

Ah, it's pretty hard to remember. It mustn't have been a great night if you can still remember! I played in nine or 10 Ashes series and only lost one, so there was plenty of celebrating going on. I was lucky to play in a really good team and incredible era of

"I DIDN'T MIND THE ODD CIGAR AND A GLASS OF RED AFTER A FEW BEERS. YOU KNOW, JUST ENJOY THE MOMENT AND TAKE IT ALL IN."

Australian cricket. The best celebration we had? The 1993 one at The Oval was pretty outrageous. I think we went directly back onto the flight so we flew back to Australia with severe hangovers. We all slept the majority of the way.

So what exactly did this big night entail?

Just all the boys going out, having way too much to drink, telling each other how much we love one another and how great we are too! Look, we're talking 22 years ago so we were all fresh and young. Those were the days. God, I was 23 turning 24 at the end of the series. I was a youngster.

You were almost in your prime, Shane!

Oh no, I'm in my prime now! You get better as you get older, Laura.

Do you really think

so? OK then, what's the worst hangover you've ever had?

Oh, most Sundays or Saturdays or Fridays. The worst? Hmmm... I've been in a world of hurt many times. Maybe after a mate's wedding in Ireland. God, they definitely know how to drink!

Did you then give yourself a bit of a break? Maybe a detox?

Yeah I gave myself an uppercut and a detox. That's a big upper cut, too!

What's been your most embarrassing moment ever?

I've had way too many to pick just one but it's always nice to look back at those things and think, "Yeah, that's pretty funny." Luckily, I haven't had too many lately, it's been a while. Although, if you ask my children they'll say, "Dad you're embarrassing every day!" But that's what you're meant to do, you know, dad jokes and stuff. Every day they tell me to stop it and tell me I'm not funny. And I do laugh at my own jokes, so that's not ideal

What's the last thing you had to apologise for?

Ah, that's a good one. Probably telling the dad jokes! Um... oh God, I once spoke to some of the St Kilda footballers, the young ones, and told them stories about how to be the best version of yourself, how to be a professional sportsman at the top level, and all that kind of stuff. I told them a few after-hours stories and got a bit graphic with my language before I forgot I wasn't in a men's locker room and that there was actually a female present. Ah, I was embarrassed to say the least and apologised to her.

What have you learned about women over the years?

Oh, hello! Um, I've learnt a lot, both good and bad, but the best thing you can do is be straight up and honest. They may not like the answers but they will respect you for that. For instance, if you come home from

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Clockwise (from left): Warnie's 708 Test wickets is nothing to scoff at; partying with Michael Clarke after Australia's World Cup win this year; posing for the paparazzi, with good friend Laura Csotán, back when he was 'experimenting' with his hair.

whatever you are doing and your partner says, "What do you want to do for dinner tonight?" The worst answer you can give is, "I don't mind, whatever you want to do." They just want you to say things like, "I just booked a restaurant at your favourite Italian restaurant, make sure you're ready by 8pm." Deep down a woman wants a man who is in charge. And a man has to be in charge, in a nice way with a bit of charm, not arrogantly but with understanding and respect.

OK, so if you were to take me on a date where would we go?

Well I would take you to my favourite Italian restaurant, which would probably be Romeo's Of Toorak in Melbourne. There'd be candles and red wine, and I would like to think I would be entertaining and fun over dinner.

Apart from red wine what drink could I buy you?

Well I like hard liquor, I like vodka. I like a nice cold beer in summer but if we were going out for a few drinks together vodka would be my drink of choice... and maybe a shot of fireball.

Do you have a party trick you can impress me with?

Yes! Russell Gilbert and Glenn Robbins have showed me some card and cigarette tricks. It's not the old push them up your nose and in your ear look, I can actually make it look like I've made them disappear and bring them back. Michael Clarke is a huge fan of it, he asks me to do them all the time. He tries to work it out and he can't. It really annoys him.

Who was the last person to see you naked?

Oh, um, ohhh... probably myself when I got out of or into the shower this morning.

Don't tell me you've got mirrors all over the bathroom, Shane.

Ah.... yep. My bathroom is full of mirrors and so is my bedroom. Just an FYI - that's not to check myself out. It's for the ambiance of the room, Laura. Especially with the candles in front of the mirrors - I've got 30 candles in my room.

How often do you light all of them?

Um... often.

By the time you're done lighting them all you must be wrecked.

Yeah, I need a little rest after I light them all, but it's blowing them out that's the worst part.

I can only imagine! Besides a house, what's the most expensive thing you've ever bought?

Well, I collect watches. I have a few expensive watches by Panerai and Breitling. I've got a limited edition Breitling which is pretty cool. Other than that, I would say a car - it would've been my Ferrari or Lamborghini as they were similar in price. They cost an arm and half an elbow. Oh, and my leg as well.

What was your first car?

A TC Cortina! It was a really sad colour, too, like a creamy beige shocker. I think I had it when I played my first Shield game for Victoria. I got \$250 so I bought the biggest stereo I could find. I think it was worth more than the car.

You're clearly a lover not a fighter, but what's one thing to always remember in a fight?

Do you mean with another guy or a woman?

Let's do both, shall we.

Well, with a woman you just have to agree and tell her, "You're right." Then she might walk off in a huff and 10 minutes later come back for a cuddle, so it's OK. With a bloke, the loudmouths aren't the ones to worry about. I've learnt it's the quiet ones standing near them you need to look out for. So, a quick knee to the balls always fixes them up. If you've got no other option just run!

Finish this sentence: If I ruled the world for a day I would...

Call it National Fun Day where everyone has the day off to do whatever they want.

Sounds like bedlam. What would you do?

I'd probably just stay in bed all day and light my candles. Nah, I'd get three of my mates and play 36 holes of golf, then go and have a great dinner with friends. Just have an awesome night with hopefully a happy ending at the end. We all like happy endings, Laura. ■



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2016 Dodge Viper ACR

BY **BILL VARETIMIDIS**

"Damn, that Viper just isn't extreme enough" is something you'll never hear. Ever. Dodge is all about major destruction on the road and this year they have given breath to their fastest, most track-handy street legal Viper – the 2016 ACR (American Club Racing). Their CEO Tim Kuniskis insists, "The Viper is America's only handmade super car", and he's not blowing smoke – while five robots handle the chassis/dashboard and placement duties, 64 specially-chosen staff assemble the rest by hand, including the 8.4 litre aluminum block – creating the most torque of any naturally aspirated sportscar engine. Like the queen with a wardrobe malfunction, the ACR's huge dual-element rear wing is inappropriate yet grabs your attention; while the rear diffuser and front splitter produce one ton of downforce at 285km/h – the most for a production car. This makes the limited aerodynamic adjustments of the Ford Mustang Shelby GT350R, Porsche 911 GT3, and Chevrolet Corvette Z06 laughable in comparison. Also shaming are the massive Brembo carbon ceramic brakes which have the largest brake pad area Viper-wise, so when it stops, time moves faster like you're in a *Matrix* movie. Expect to see this grippy Viper out later this year.

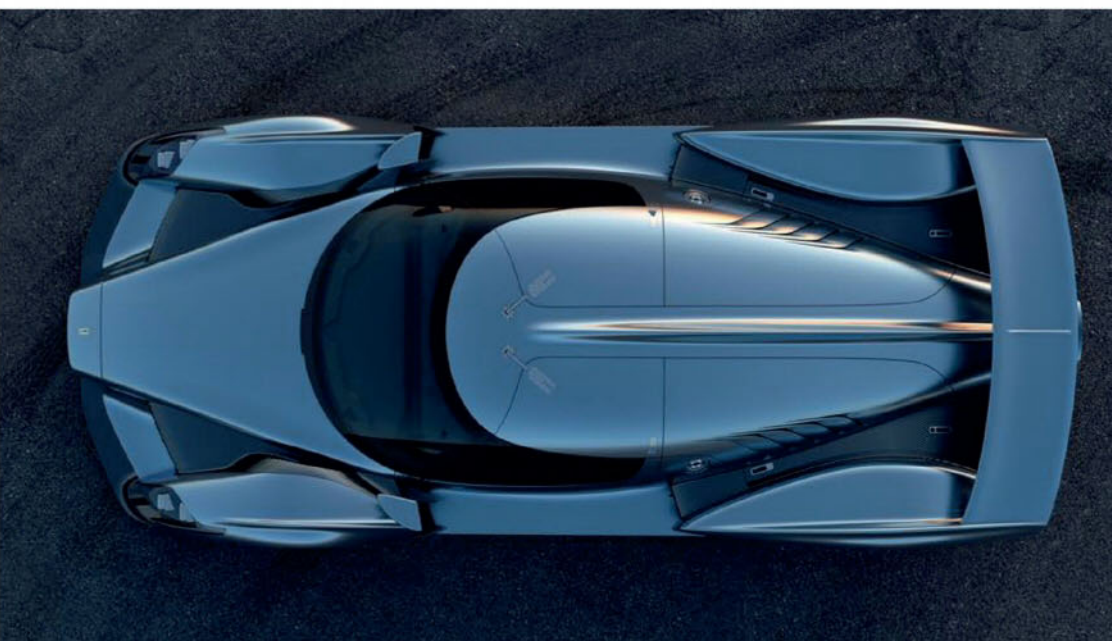


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2016 Scuderia Cameron SCG003

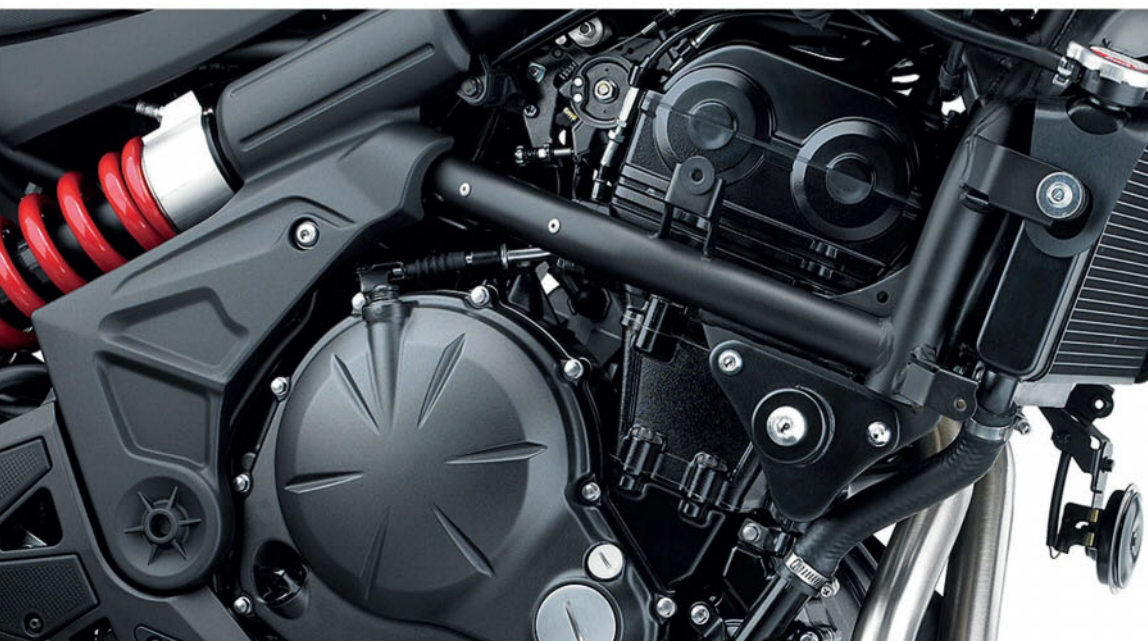
James Glickenhaus very much believes, "if you want something done properly, do it yourself". After Ferrari built him an Enzo and F430, the former film director decided he could do better than the exotic car legends and with the SCG003, he may have. But why the 003 moniker? Because it's the third model he's developed and he likes to keep count. Recently displayed at the 2015 Geneva Motor Show, the car is built completely original, from the carbon fibre chassis across to the aerodynamic paneling. There are references to supercar/motorsport royalty throughout though, like the Ferrari Enzo and F1 on the front; the new Ford GT out back and a rear Le Mans style raised wing. Underneath sits a twin-turbo V6 derived from a Honda Performance Development block which James hopes comes good when he enters the chaotic 24-Hour Nurburgring race soon. Regardless of his result the SCG 003 will be one of the best cars revealed this year, and with the model closing in on the Koenigsegg One:1's insane weight ratio, there is little not to love – except for the ridiculous price. That is, the price of a waterfront home with no cup holder.





Kawasaki Versys 1000

With Yamaha, BMW and Suzuki dominating the recent trend towards adventure-tourers over sport-tourers, Kawasaki has been forced into high gear. Since dual-sport motorcycles have become the 'everyday' bike of choice, Kawasaki have decided to update their Versys 1000 to suit – something that could be a game changer. The earlier Versys model did have elements of a dual-sport, but with a face more scrap-heap than showroom. This year it has been redesigned to reflect the Ninja range, with twin headlights and sharper lines as designer weapons. With great power from the Ninja 1000 and Z1000 four-cylinder engine comes extra ponies (up to 88kW) and quicker torque (200rpm earlier) – thanks to two new air intake passages, upgraded injectors, and revised ignition timing. Now you'd think with a name like Versys, it would be a versatile machine. Well it is; with its long-travel suspension (5.9 inches each end), upright riding position, and multiple ride modes giving it all-rounder status. While not as powerful as the Ducati Multistrada, or as dynamic as the BMW S1000XR – at \$15,999 its price cuts the nads off all comers from Europe (BMW and KTM) and Japan (Yamaha and Suzuki). It's Kawasaki Versys the world and this superbike-offroad machine has been worth the wait.



VICTORIA'S SECRET MODEL **LILY ALDRIDGE** IS A BEWITCHING BEAUTY WITH A ROCK & ROLL HEART

BY SARAH HORNE GROSE





"I KNOW IT'S
AN AGE-OLD
STORY THAT
NO ONE
BELIEVES,
BUT NO ONE
ASKED ME OUT
IN HIGH SCHOOL!"

WHEN YOU'VE BUILT A MULTIMILLION-DOLLAR CAREER

out of wearing next to nothing, the question of just how much skin to reveal can come down to a few very strategic centimetres of fabric.

Full back? Yes. Microscopic bikini bottoms? Sure. Still, it's a game of inches, and something has to be left to the imagination.

For Lily Aldridge, 29, the "prettiest girl in the whole f-king world" (according to her husband, Kings of Leon frontman Caleb Followill), toeing that line between lust object and celebrity-power-brand-in-the-making is all part of the business plan.

Though she's been modelling since she was 14, Aldridge debuted as a Victoria's Secret model in 2009; she is now one of just eight Angels. She landed the cover of *Sports Illustrated Swimsuit's* 50th anniversary issue last year. Add her cred in high-fashion circles – shoots in *Vogue* and a campaign for Michael Kors – and Aldridge has won the Triple Crown of modelling.

As you might expect from any thoroughbred, she says her contracts are ironclad, stipulating precisely how much of her extraordinary physique she'll bare. "I'm very careful about it," she says. "I enjoy feeling sexy and beautiful; I just don't think everyone needs to see everything."

So what does it feel like to have millions of men wishing they could? "I don't think of myself as an object of lust. I can't even say that with a straight face," she says with a laugh. The attention, she admits, is flattering. "But I'm more flattered when someone thinks I'm funny."

In person, she's lean and long, given to slouching her shoulders in a boyish way and playing against onlookers' expectations. "People think it's all rock concerts and runway shows," she posits. OK, there are plenty of both. But there are also 3 A.M. call times for bikini shoots and a fitness regimen that would make an elite athlete groan. "I don't take this life for granted," she says. Aldridge and Followill also have a two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Dixie Pearl. "That's why I like social media," she says. "People see that I'm married, they see I have a family, they see that I'm human."

Over lunch at Barbuto in Manhattan's West Village, she expertly orders wine for the table, plus steak and roast potatoes. (Her usual drink of choice: "A shot of Patrón and a Corona. That's my jam".) The gap in her teeth is arresting, just enough of an imperfection to make her seem real. "I don't walk around feeling like a supermodel. I mean, I high-five people."

Aldridge insists she was a "lanky, awkward" teenager, though she began modelling for Abercrombie & Fitch in the ninth grade. "I know it's an age-old story that no one believes," she says, laughing, "but no one asked me out in high school!" She didn't even attend the prom. "I was in Paris, working. But I would have rearranged my schedule," she adds with a bemused shrug.

Decidedly more comfortable in the spotlight these days, Aldridge has tapped into her inner show woman on the Victoria's Secret catwalk, an experience she calls "exhilarating" (the yearly runway extravaganza is seen by some 10 million people worldwide). And yes, that was her in the video for "Use Somebody" (you're welcome). "I don't know how I ended up where I am," she says. "I was so painfully shy as a child, [but] I eventually learned that it's more exhausting to be shy than just to be open."

Aldridge grew up in LA with her mother, model Laura Lyons – Playmate of the Month, February 1976 – and spent summers and a year of high



THIS PAGE:
NECKLACE,
**JENNIFER
MEYER** (WORN
THROUGHOUT);
CUFF, **SCOSHA**
(WORN
THROUGHOUT)

**PREVIOUS
SPREAD:**
JEANS, **CALVIN
KLEIN**; RING,
SCOSHA (WORN
THROUGHOUT)

COVER GIRL





school in England with her father, the British artist Alan Aldridge, who designed album covers for the Who and the Rolling Stones. “The punk scene was so big in London then,” she recalls, “so I was able to go to all of these incredible concerts.” She chose public school over private because “I was a typical teenager, and the [private school] uniforms were like something out of *Harry Potter*. The skirts were down to your ankles. I was like, ‘no...’”

In 2007, Aldridge met her husband-to-be at Coachella, and they now split their time between Nashville and Tribeca. “I never thought in a million years a girl from LA would end up in Nashville, but I love it,” Aldridge says. When she’s not hanging at home, power-streaming

Homeland or *Game of Thrones*, she’s “dancing at honky-tonks with 80-year-olds” or supping with pal Taylor Swift. “Taylor makes me dinner,” Aldridge says. “And she’s the sweetest, most humble girl I’ve ever met.”

No doubt the two discuss the costs of fame. On a recent swimsuit shoot in Hawaii, Aldridge and the photo crew hiked to a secluded beach, where she shed her clothes and began posing in a tiny black bikini. Two days later paparazzi pictures emerged – taken by a drone that had hovered over the ocean, unseen. “It terrified me,” she says. “It’s no way to live. I mean, if you see the paparazzi and they’re in your face, OK, but it really freaked me out. So now if I’m on a beach, I’m scanning the sky, and it kind of takes away the magic of the photo shoot. I *can’t* with the drones.” ■

COVER GIRL



JEANS,
CALVIN KLEIN

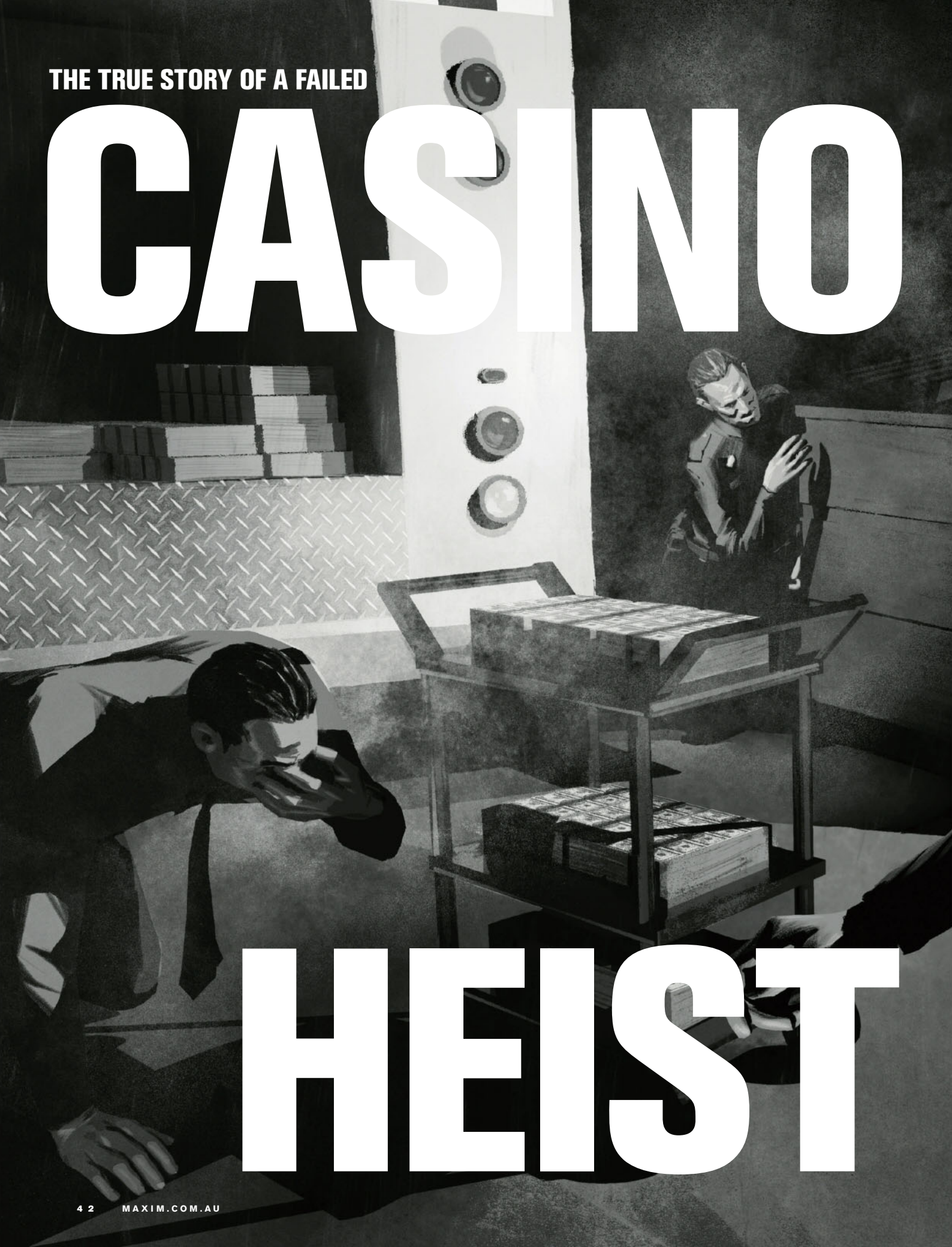


SWEATER, H&M
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SECRET

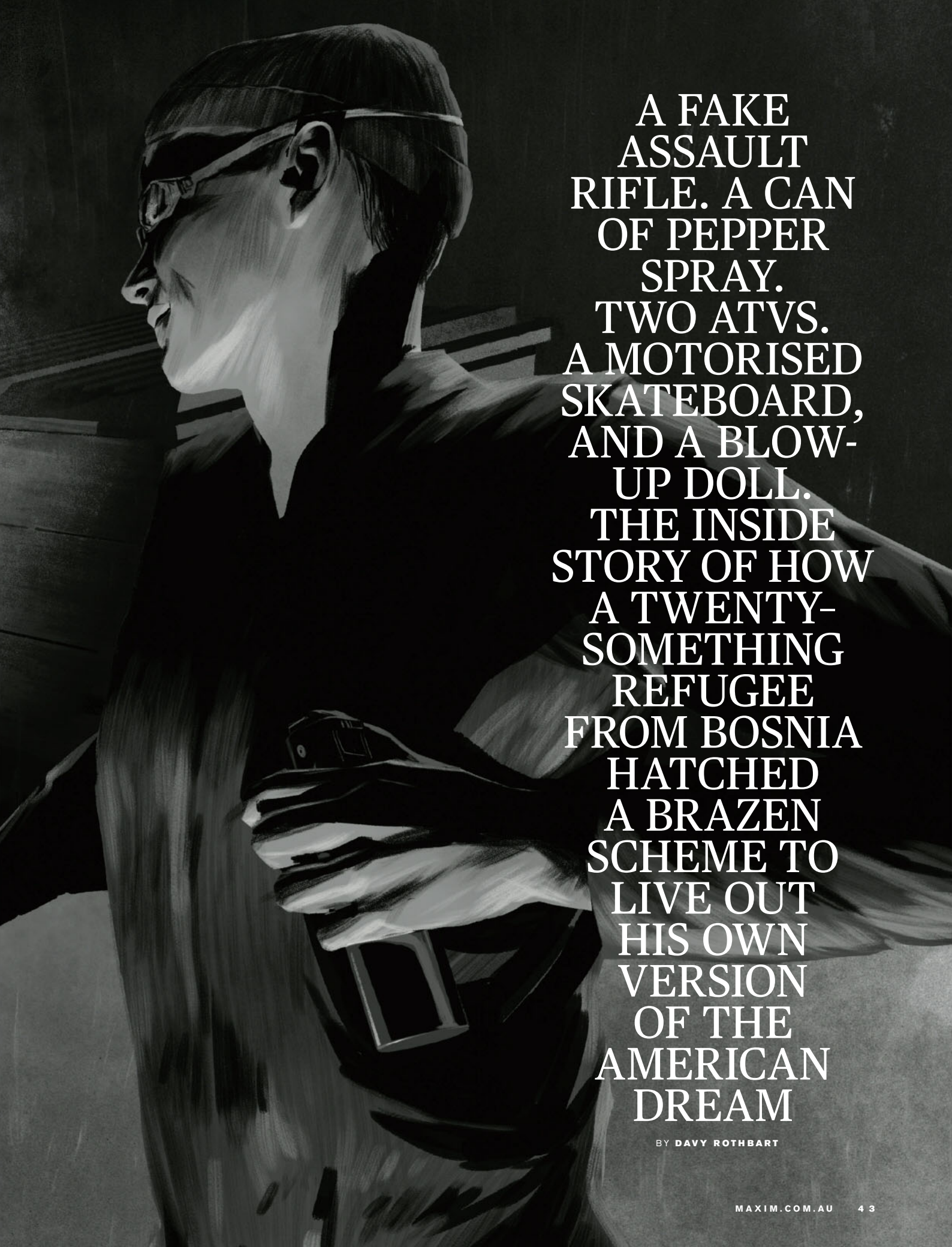
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LIPPMANN

THE TRUE STORY OF A FAILED

CASINO



HEIST



A FAKE
ASSAULT
RIFLE. A CAN
OF PEPPER
SPRAY.
TWO ATVS.
A MOTORISED
SKATEBOARD,
AND A BLOW-
UP DOLL.
THE INSIDE
STORY OF HOW
A TWENTY-
SOMETHING
REFUGEE
FROM BOSNIA
HATCHED
A BRAZEN
SCHEME TO
LIVE OUT
HIS OWN
VERSION
OF THE
AMERICAN
DREAM

BY DAVY ROTHBART



EARLY ONE FRIDAY morning in July 2006, just before dawn, Adnan Alisic, 26, and his friend Fleka, 24, crouched in the back of a hot green van in a parking lot across from the Casino Arizona on the eastern edge of Phoenix and waited. Beside them, in duffel bags, lay the tools for the elaborate heist they'd planned: pepper spray, road flares, smoke bombs, a replica AK-47, a blow-up doll, gas cans, and maps of the area's maze of subterranean sewer tunnels. After months of meticulous planning, they were about to embark on one of the boldest and most inventive heists of all time. But as the minutes crawled past, they began to fear they'd missed their target, an armoured truck carrying as much as US\$10 million in cash. Maybe it had already come and gone? Then Fleka spotted it. Adnan leaped into the driver's seat, donned ski goggles and a knit cap, and cranked the van into gear, following the truck. He lifted the fake AK onto his lap and hissed to Fleka, "Come on, let's do this."

ADNAN ARRIVED IN PHOENIX 10 years before the heist, at age 17, with his parents and sister, one family among a flood of Bosnian refugees escaping Europe's worst genocide since World War II. Though at first he spoke no English, Adnan was friendly and sharp-witted and soon found work as a room-service attendant at the DoubleTree Hotel in Scottsdale, where his mother, a schoolteacher in her native country, worked as a maid. After a few years, when he'd saved enough to buy his own wheels, a guy he worked with encouraged him to check out a used-car auction.

Adnan was a born hustler who'd honed his entrepreneurial skills as a child during the war. At the used-car auction in Phoenix, he recognised an opportunity – he could snap up cheap vehicles, clean and repair them, and resell them on Craigslist for a hefty profit. It took him six months to flip his first car, but by age 21 he'd opened his own dealership, Alisic Motors, and was buying and selling a dozen cars a week. He soon opened a body shop and then a restaurant called Café Empire, which quickly became a social hub for the area's sizeable Bosnian population.

If the American Dream had a spokesmodel, Adnan could've fit the bill – handsome and full of energy, he flashed around town in a gleaming

black Mercedes SL600, hit nightclubs with friends to catch Bosnian singers, and landed a beautiful girlfriend, Lejla Selimovic, from Sarajevo, whose family had escaped similar horrors. Adnan had washed up on American soil traumatised and undernourished, battered by war, owning nothing but the clothes on his back, and in just a few short years, he'd willed his way into a life of enviable comfort.

Too much comfort, perhaps. As his businesses flourished and Adnan grew his staff, he suddenly found himself with plenty of free time. His friend Nermin, who was dating Lejla's twin sister, Sejla, told him about the fun he'd had playing blackjack during a weekend trip to Vegas, and one night Adnan drove alone to the Casino Arizona in Scottsdale, a sprawling complex just beyond Phoenix's eastern border. It was the first time Adnan had ever been inside a casino. He played small-stakes blackjack for a few hours, losing \$300.

It was his next visit a couple weeks later that got him hooked. "Call it beginner's luck," he says. "You know those nights when you just can't lose?" Adnan crushed it at the blackjack tables and walked away with nearly three grand. "You feel invincible," he says. "Luck smiles on you, and you think it's because you somehow deserved it."

Adnan began to play blackjack at Casino Arizona every night, sometimes alone, sometimes with Nermin, and sometimes with his friend Ismar Kabaklic, known as Fleka, a loyal but hotheaded Bosnian he'd hired as a salesman at his dealership. Inside, time seemed to stand still, as a symphony of slot machines dully jingled, waitresses doled out free drinks, and dealers spun cards. When at last they headed out to the parking lot, it was always a surprise to see the sun coming up.

Some nights Adnan won big, especially at first, but over time the losses came more frequently and spiralled ever higher. Why would Adnan keep coming back, flushing away his hard-earned cash? He attributed his blackjack addiction to a toxic brew of poisoned genes from his alcoholic father, survivor's guilt from the Bosnian War, and, most of all, a ferocious competitive streak. "I just hated to lose," he says now. Each trip to the tables presented a fresh opportunity to come roaring back, and on the nights he won big, the adrenaline surge was beyond euphoric.

Over the next several years, Adnan drained cash from office accounts to spend at Casino Arizona, and without money to pay his employees, they slowly melted away, leaving only Fleka; his sister, Adnana; and

a few others scrambling to keep his businesses afloat. Sometimes Adnan managed to keep himself away from the casino for months, but his addiction always outstripped his resolve, and he'd wind up back at the Arizona, walking out to his car at dawn, full of heartache and fury, pockets empty.

Soon he was borrowing money and blowing it the same night, racking up debts he couldn't repay. Adnan had started at the bottom, made it to the top, and fallen back into a deeper hole than when he'd stepped, penniless, off a U.N. plane. He'd even pulled Fleka and other Bosnian blackjack fans into the abyss. Adnan lost nearly US\$800,000 at Casino Arizona; add Fleka and their other pals, and the total was over a million.

**"IF THEY
WON'T LET
ME WIN MY
MONEY BACK,
I'LL FIND
ANOTHER
WAY," ADNAN
RESOLVED.**

One evening, Adnan scraped together a few hundred bucks and made the familiar drive to Scottsdale to gamble. But this time, he was on a tear. “Simply couldn’t lose,” he says. “If I had a bad hand, the dealer went bust. If I needed an ace, I pulled an ace.” He was up almost 60 grand – on his way, perhaps, to getting back on his feet.

Suddenly, he found himself surrounded by security guards who asked for his ID, though he’d been such a frequent visitor he knew many of the blackjack dealers on a first-name basis.

On principle, he refused, and the guards hustled him toward the doors. Adnan was furious. The casino had had no qualms about squeezing him dry night after night, but the one time luck was on his side, they’d quashed his monster rally. He shouted at casino workers and even shoved a guard, and as they escorted him out of the building, they told him he was banned. *That’s fine*, Adnan resolved, sitting in his car, boiling with rage. *If they won’t let me win my money back, I’ll find another way.*

ADNAN’S WINNINGS OFFERED a brief respite, as he covered bills and paid down debts. But it wasn’t long before he was back at the tables. Eighty-sixed from Casino Arizona, he started visiting neighbouring casinos, arriving full of hope, and leaving, most nights, broke and desperate.

Late one night, while heading home on the 101 freeway, Adnan pulled over to take a leak. Afterward, he peered over the guardrail, looking down an embankment to the desert floor 30 feet below, and in the dim starlight glimpsed a dark, hollow shape that appeared to be the mouth of a tunnel. The entrance was as round and wide as a car, and he was able to walk in without even ducking his head. It twisted under the road, then doglegged to the right, disappearing into darkness toward the Casino Arizona. That’s when a crazy idea seized him.

The next morning at Alisic Motors, Adnan grinned at Fleka. “I know how we’re going to get our money back,” he announced. Later that night, they dressed in dark clothes, burned over to Scottsdale, and parked at a shopping centre near the tunnel entrance. Waiting for a lull in traffic, they scrambled across the freeway and down the embankment, into the opening.

The stench was overpowering. Their flashlights shone across a trickle of trash and raw sewage. Graffiti covered the walls. Rats scampered past empty beer bottles. Some pathways forked off in mysterious directions; others curved back and forth and came to a dead end. Where the main tunnels ended, Adnan noticed giant green plastic pipes, several feet in diameter. Banging his Maglite against them produced an indeterminate hollow sound. “I want to see what’s inside,” he told Fleka.

Using power saws from the auto-body shop, they cut their way through eight inches of plastic tubing before striking metal. Adnan drove back to the shop to retrieve a welding mask and acetylene torches, and returned to shear open the green pipe, revealing a ventilation shaft just wide enough for a man to crawl into. Adnan and Fleka ducked their heads inside and aimed their flashlights into the looming shadows.

A few nights later, they returned with a skateboard rigged with a gas-powered motor from Adnan’s auto shop. Adnan squeezed himself inside the green pipe, lay back on the board like a luge racer, fired up the



ABOVE: Adnan Alisic, a war-hardened Bosnian refugee, successful Phoenix businessman, and blackjack addict

RIGHT: The Casino Arizona, which he targeted for an insane armored-truck heist



motor, and rumbled down the narrow pipe, shooting past the first manhole, hundreds of yards farther along to a second vertical chute. That’s when the motor sputtered out. Adnan realised he’d made a terrible mistake. The exhaust had nowhere to go, and he began to cough and choke as the fumes filled his lungs. Desperately, he turned back the way he’d come, paddling deeper into the thick cloud of smoke. Beneath Dobson Road and Indian Bend, he sank to the ground, unable to breathe.

No, he thought. *I can’t let the casino win.*

He picked himself up and dived down the next stretch of pipe. His lungs burned. His vision swam with purple stars. Several times, he nearly passed out before shaking himself awake again and willing himself onward. Finally, in his hypoxic haze, he heard Fleka’s voice crying his name, and then he was loose, back in the main tunnel, flopping like a fish, gasping for breath. “What happened?” Fleka shouted. “You could’ve died down here! Now have you had enough?”

Adnan heaved a series of ragged breaths and crumpled on the tunnel floor. After several minutes, he collected himself and slowly lifted his head. “Never enough,” he croaked. “Let’s come back tomorrow night.”

ADNAN GREW UP IN THE CITY of Banja Luka in northern Bosnia and Herzegovina, the country’s second-largest city, after Sarajevo. Though his father sometimes got drunk and roughed up his mum and sister, his childhood was mostly a happy one. He played soccer, swam in the river, and explored back alleys. Then, when he was 12, everything changed. Serbian nationalist leader Slobodan Milosevic seized power and began using the Yugoslav Army, along with Bosnian Serb militias, to target Bosnian Muslims and Croatian Catholics through an infamous ethnic cleansing campaign. Soon the country was engulfed in a brutal sectarian war.

Banja Luka was the Serbs’ stronghold, often described as the world’s largest prison; Serb soldiers and police ruled the streets, and Muslims like Adnan and his family were forced to hide in their homes or risk arrest, imprisonment, and death. Vans and SUVs stuffed with soldiers prowled the city, dragging away dissenters, who were rarely seen again. For months Adnan bought and sold eggs and candles at a bustling black market in town, stopping on his way home to buy food for his family. Cigarettes, he soon realised, turned a far higher profit. He’d buy a carton in the morning at the rations depot and sell them off pack by pack, earning just enough to put another day’s food on the table.

Across the countryside, Serb fighters were executing a ruthless campaign of ethnic cleansing, burning villages, raping women and girls, and slaughtering Muslims and Croatians by the dozens – even the hundreds. As the conflict escalated, Adnan, a street urchin creeping

between towns, hopping boxcars at night, saw some of the war's worst atrocities. One night, he recalls, he slipped into a darkened train car and found it crammed with the murdered corpses of men, women, and children, en route to a mass grave. Another time, a train he was on stopped on the way back to Banja Luka, and as he hid in the bushes, Serb commandos poured off the train into a nearby village. Adnan watched them round up villagers and execute them. On occasion, he was shot at by police and soldiers, and he was twice grazed by bullets. Once he was captured by police, who savagely tortured him for four days before he escaped.

A decade later, after he lost his fortune at the blackjack tables, the Casino Arizona became conflated in his mind with the Serb war machine – both were faceless enemies who'd coldly ruined his life. The agonising powerlessness and rage he'd felt toward the Serb regime, which had occupied his city and turned the Bosnian countryside into bloody killing fields, he now channeled toward the casino. A successful heist would not only provide the cash needed to erase his debts but also allow him to deliver the kind of revenge he'd desperately longed for since war had first torn apart his native land. "I was going to find a way to strike back," Adnan says, "no matter what it took."

SUMMER BROUGHT UNRELENTING heat and misery. Adnan was beyond broke, his businesses in shambles, his debts climbing dangerously. He worked around the clock, racing to prepare for the heist. Inside his auto dealership's vacated office, he spread out hand-drawn maps, along with aerial views he'd printed off the Internet. Initially, he had wanted to hit the casino's vault and then escape through sewer tunnels, but he'd since cooked up a new scheme that was in some ways even crazier.

Without fail, an armoured truck delivered millions in cash each morning, parking in an alley behind the casino. Adnan knew that each truck carried two armed guards. A third guard followed in a backup vehicle.

Adnan was adamant that he and Fleka and their crew pull off the heist without using actual weapons. He'd spent many late nights googling "armoured-truck robberies," and his research showed that guns usually led to disaster. The last thing he wanted was a firefight, which risked a guard or bystander getting shot, not to mention himself.

The plan was devilishly creative. As Adnan envisioned it, he and Fleka would pull up behind the truck as the guards unloaded the cash, blast them with pepper spray, and grab the cash. To discourage the guards from reaching for their handguns, Fleka would brandish the fake AK-47.

Once they had the money in their van, Adnan and Fleka would drive a few hundred metres to the corner of Dobson Road and Indian Bend, stopping above a manhole (which they'd have fitted with a fake cover for easy entry) that led to the tunnels below. As police swarmed the scene, they'd set off smoke bombs, strap a blow-up doll wearing a ski mask into the van's front seat, and place the fake AK in the doll's lap. Then, with the smoke billowing, they'd squeeze through an open hatch they'd carved in the floor of the van and shimmy down rope ladders into the manhole, with the bags of money. Before replacing the cover, they'd pull a string to shift the van into gear, letting it roll into a guardrail at the end of the block.

Law enforcement would surround the van, caught in a tense standoff with a blow-up doll, at which point a fuse would ignite two gas cans, engulfing the van – and any remaining evidence – in flames. Meanwhile, Adnan and Fleka would zoom a couple of miles through the sewer tunnels on ATVs, then enter the green underground ventilation pipes, crawling 20 metres to another vertical shaft. From there, they'd haul themselves up a second rope ladder, through another manhole cover, and up a secret hatch in the floor of a second van, piloted by two confederates. The drivers would rocket them to a second set of getaway cars before meeting at a hotel room several miles north to split the cash. Adnan had bought

ADNAN HAD MANAGED TO GRAB \$749,000 — ALMOST EXACTLY WHAT HE HAD LOST PLAYING BLACKJACK.

two plane tickets to Bosnia, one for himself, one for Lejla, who was unaware of the heist. It would be his first time home since they'd fled the war.

Adnan knew how completely insane the plan sounded, but he'd been preparing for months. The vehicles had all been smuggled off auction lots and couldn't be traced. Every piece of gear – the pepper spray, the ski masks, the fake gun – had been bought with cash in various distant suburbs. He knew that a million dollars in twenties and hundreds could fit into a duffel bag, and that police dogs at airports were trained to sniff out bundles of US dollars – but not euros. So he planned to stash some of the money and trade the rest for 500-euro notes, which he'd arranged to have waiting at a local currency

exchange. By the time investigators discovered his identity, Adnan reasoned, he'd be long gone.

A few weeks beforehand, a pair of Bosnian brothers named Dinko and Ivica whose help Adnan had enlisted dropped out; the plan was just too risky. Adnan brought in an old Bosnian hustler called Gypsy to drive the getaway van, along with Gypsy's son Danijel. Meanwhile, Fleka was refusing to pull the heist without a gun. "The guards have guns!" Fleka said. "This is suicide."

"No weapons," Adnan said. "I don't want blood on my hands."

THE SUN ROSE on the morning of July 21 while Adnan and Fleka crouched in the back of the van in the parking lot of the Casino Arizona. They'd added plain lettering that said Arizona Painting Co. on the front of the van to avoid arousing suspicion.

Adnan hadn't slept or eaten in days. "Want to skip out and go for a burger?" he joked to Fleka. But they were in too deep to turn back now.

The armoured truck pulled into the lot and rolled down the side alley, headed for its usual drop point. Adnan followed in the van. They passed an armed guard, loping in the same direction. This was Robert Brown, who'd worked for Bantek West, the armoured-truck company, for 16 months. Holstered at his side was a shiny service revolver.

Fleka saw the weapon and began screeching at Adnan. "Did you see the gun? He's gonna kill us, man! I'm telling you, he's gonna kill us!"

"He's not going to kill us," Adnan fired back. "Just follow the plan."

When they reached the truck, one guard stood beside it, loading bags of money onto a rolling cart, while another sat behind the wheel. Adnan donned a knit hat and a pair of ski goggles. Stepping from the van, he readied a canister of pepper spray.

Brown later described what he saw in a statement to the FBI: A green work van parked behind the armoured truck. He saw a man in work clothes approach the guard outside the truck, Joshua Ouellette. Then a yellow cloud appeared, and Ouellette fell to the pavement, writhing in agony. Brown dived behind a ventilator, realising they were under attack.

Adnan circled the truck to the driver's side and shot his pepper spray into the air vents below the driver's window. Chris Williams, the guard behind the wheel, collapsed in a spasm of hacking coughs. His own eyes tearing up and burning, Adnan raced to the open doors of

the armoured truck, grabbed two plastic bags packed with large bills, and tossed them on the cart. He then pushed it alongside his van and yanked open the doors in back, shouting for Fleka to help him dump the money inside.

Fleka leaped from the van, ski mask over his face, letting loose a battle cry and wildly swinging the fake AK. The sight was so comical that Adnan couldn't help laughing. "Come on!" he shouted. "The action's over. Help me get the money in the van!"

Adnan had lost sight of Ouellette, who was coughing in the grass, trying to clear his lungs. Williams, the driver, fired up the armoured truck and sped around the corner, the heavy, open doors banging loose. Meanwhile, behind the ventilator, Brown had decided not to intervene. Apparently, the guards prized their lives more than the casino's money. The truck had left on its run with US\$5.5 million on board, dropped half of that at another casino, and still had more than \$2 million when it reached the Casino Arizona. Adnan had managed to grab around US\$749,000 – almost exactly the amount he'd lost playing blackjack.

With the bags of cash piled into their van, Adnan and Fleka took off. Adnan drove one short block to the intersection at Dobson Road and Indian Bend and pulled into position above the replica manhole cover they'd welded in his shop. Fleka lit a few smoke bombs and tossed them out his window, creating a thick wall of smoke on all sides. "Lift the cover!"

Adnan shouted to Fleka, as he buckled the blow-up doll into the front seat, pulled a ski mask over its head, and armed it with the fake machine gun. Adnan knew from practice runs that once they were down in the drainage system, the manhole cover replaced above their heads, it would take just six minutes for them to speed through the tunnels and pipes to the distant street where Gypsy and his son waited in the getaway van.

But there was one problem.

"It's stuck!" Fleka yelled. "I can't get the cover off!"

Adnan hurdled into the back of the van, and together he and Fleka pulled at the cover with all their might, but it wouldn't budge. When Adnan looked closer, he realised what had happened – the fake cover, a few centimetres too wide, had been mashed into the hole, perhaps by a passing car. No amount of lift was going to uncork it. "Fuck!" Adnan screamed.

Frantically, Adnan tried once more to pry it loose, using the barrel of the phony AK. But the tip broke off. Then it was on to plan B – escape by any means possible.

Adnan shoved the blow-up doll out of the driver's seat, jumped behind the wheel, and stomped on the gas. Fleka whooped from the back of the van, stuffing plastic-wrapped bundles of money into black duffel bags. "We got the cash!" he sang, soaring from adrenaline.

Adnan gunned the van through the Salt River Pima-Maricopa Indian Community, a patchwork of dirt roads and dilapidated homes, several police cars in pursuit. Traffic clogged the I01, and the cops hung on his tail. Adnan bolted off the expressway into South Scottsdale's quiet residential neighbourhoods. He cut left, right, left again, and realised he'd somehow shaken the cops. "We're free!" Fleka cried.

Adnan sped onto Miller Road, heading north toward the getaway



CLOCKWISE (FROM TOP LEFT):

The blow-up doll used in the heist, the getaway van, one of the underground tunnels, the fake AK-47, and bags of money seized by the FBI

cars, when suddenly the van's engine sputtered, choked, and quit completely. The vehicle jerked to a stop. Sirens wailed a few blocks away. "Run!" Adnan screamed at Fleka. "No matter what, don't get caught!"

Adnan darted up the driveway of a low, single-story office complex, leaped onto a concrete wall, and hoisted

himself onto the roof. Then he crawled to the edge to look for Fleka. What he saw sucked the wind out of him – his friend was facedown in the grass. Two cops held him down and handcuffed him, while another rummaged through Fleka's duffel bag, stuffed with US\$200,000 cash.

Adnan sprinted across the roof, dropped to the ground, vaulted a wall, and found himself facing a large, crowded swimming pool. Gray-haired men and women milled about in the water, while others, in robes and pyjamas, played backgammon at poolside tables.

He'd landed on the grounds of the Springs of Scottsdale Retirement Community. In the midst of his crazed escape, this scene of lazy tranquility seemed particularly surreal. Dozens of police vehicles – Phoenix PD, state troopers, sheriff's department, FBI, and a SWAT team – had converged next door. In total, there were nearly a hundred investigators swarming the scene.

Adnan plucked a white long-sleeved shirt from the back of a sofa in the lobby, pulled it over his sweat-soaked T-shirt, and edged outside onto the senior centre's lawn, creeping along a thick line of hedges. Behind the cops, locals jostled with newly arriving reporters and TV crews.

Adnan stepped around the hedges and coolly crossed the street,

craning his neck back at the senior centre. Throughout his childhood in Banja Luka, as he passed daily through police checkpoints, he'd mastered the art of appearing beyond suspicion. Now, with the cops' attention diverted, he made the longest walk of his life, until at last he'd crossed the street and melted through the line of law enforcement authorities.

From the lobby of a hospital a half mile down the road, Adnan called Gypsy. "I'm free," he said. "Can you give me a lift?" For the next 45 minutes, as he waited for his ride to arrive, a dazed Adnan sat with patients and security guards, watching TV coverage of the hunt for the remaining suspect who was still at large – him. After months of meticulous planning, his dream heist had spectacularly gone bust.

ADNAN'S TRIAL BEGAN 16 months later in the US District Court of Arizona. After the caper, Gypsy had dropped Adnan at home. His plan was to pick up Lejla and head straight for the airport. But as soon as he got in his sky-blue Jaguar and zoomed out of his apartment complex, police cars boxed him in from every direction. Adnan stepped out with his hands up. "Be careful of the car," he said, as officers rushed him. Fleka had spilled everything the moment they'd nabbed him, leading the cops right to Adnan's door.

Before his trial, Adnan made one more desperate gamble. Prosecutors offered a plea deal of 10 years, but Adnan was troubled by the most serious charge against him: the use of a firearm while committing a felony. All along, he'd insisted that their gun be fake. But when the FBI pulled apart the heist van, they discovered a 9-mm pistol wrapped in a sheet – a gun both Adnan and Fleka would claim the other had brought without their knowledge. Not wanting to plead guilty to something he didn't feel responsible for, Adnan demanded a trial. After six days, the jury found him guilty on all counts. As Adnan's mum and sister looked on, along with Lejla, Nermin, Sejla, and an array of friends Adnan had helped and supported over the years, the judge handed down his sentence: 17-and-a-half years.

LOMPOC FEDERAL CORRECTIONAL institution is a sprawling, low-security prison set among verdant meadows in a valley north of Santa Barbara, California. Adnan, now 35, sits in a visiting room. With heartbreaking candor and cinematic detail, he chronicles his strange journey from the bloody streets of war-torn Banja Luka to the blackjack tables of the Casino Arizona. Midway through his

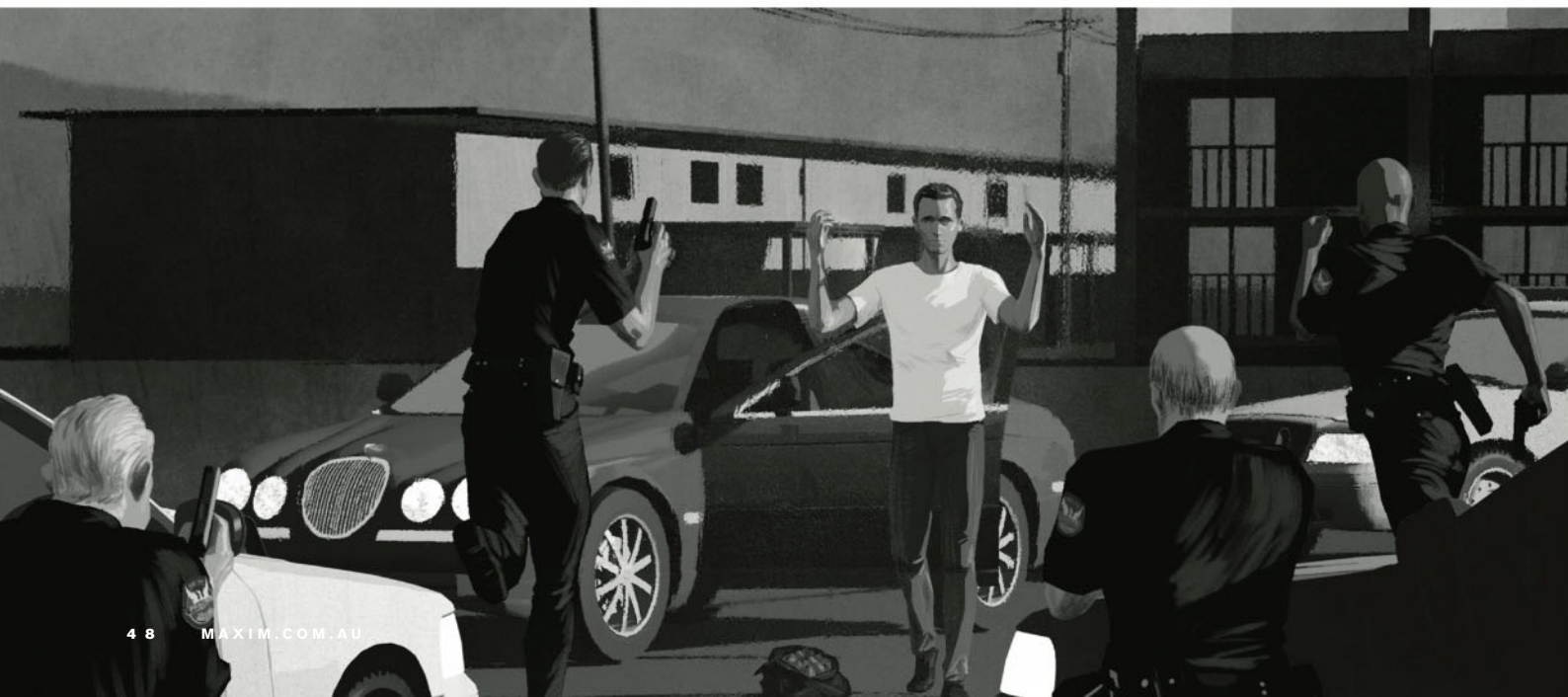
sentence, he's remarkably full of hope, and is already plotting his inevitable comeback. "Coming to prison saved my life," Adnan says earnestly. "Let's be honest: I was as compulsive a gambler as you'll ever meet. Seven hundred grand? It would've been gone in six months."

It was only a matter of time, he says, before he racked up the kind of debts that would've put his life at risk. After the trial, Lejla moved to Atlanta and started a family with another man. Adnan's mum still cleans 15 guest rooms a day at the Scottsdale DoubleTree. Adnana, his sister, waits tables in the hotel restaurant. They pay into Adnan's commissary account so he can buy books and stamps and make phone calls. Adnan still has eight years to serve, but his mum has already prepared a bedroom for when he returns.

As for his heist partners, Gypsy did two years, while his son, Danijel, received only probation. Fleka was sentenced to six-and-a-half years, and upon his release was deported. He now lives in Austria and has recently married. Strangely, the two old friends remain close. "Fleka is still Fleka," Adnan says with a laugh. "Usually when we talk on the phone, he's complaining. And I'm the one in prison!"

There's a chance Adnan will be deported when he gets out, cutting the final cord to his American Dream. But he wants to stay and is visibly excited about starting another successful business. He avidly reads *Fortune* and *The Wall Street Journal*, following market trends, looking for his next hustle – an honest living this time. Maybe he'll get into biodiesel or new farm-irrigation technologies. If he could build a thriving cigarette racket in a war zone as a kid, he reasons, he can succeed at just about anything he puts his mind to. He just wants one more shot at success. "The heist may have failed," Adnan says. "But today I am happy. Today I'm at peace." ■

ADNAN BUCKLED THE DOLL INTO THE FRONT SEAT AND ARMED IT WITH THE MACHINE GUN.





FLAVOUR. NAILED IT.

* Using your nailgun hand, while stuffing your face, is not recommended.

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DEADLIEST CATCH CONOR McGREGOR, UFC'S QUICK-FISTED, FAST-TALKING FEATHERWEIGHT, TAKES A STYLE DETOUR ON THE CALIFORNIA COAST



STYLE

THIS PAGE:

(TOP) JACKET AND JEANS,
MARC BY MARC JACOBS;
SWEATER, **GANT**; BEANIE,
ASOS; BRACELETS AND
RING (WORN THROUGHOUT),
SCOSHA; WATCH, **TUDOR**;
(BOTTOM) TRENCH,
SWEATER, AND JEANS,
PRADA; WATCH, **TUDOR**

OPPOSITE PAGE:

JACKET AND SWEATER,
NAUTICA; JEANS,
AG JEANS; WATCH, **TUDOR**

PREVIOUS PAGE:

TRENCH, **DSQUARED2**;
SWEATER, **BALLY**; PANTS,
ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA
COUTURE; BEANIE, **BINGE**
KNITTING; SHOES, **MARC**
BY MARC JACOBS





CONOR MCGREGOR knows how to make a statement. Just two years and five fights into his UFC career, the Irish featherweight has gone from relative unknown to the most electrifying character in the sport. Yes, the 26-year-old is a brutal, efficient fighter with an eclectic array of techniques and a knack for knockouts (15 of his 17 wins come from TKOs, including four of his five UFC wins). But his meteoric rise owes as much to his mouth as to his fists, knees, and feet: McGregor is a sneering, trash-spewing, over-the-top showman more akin to a top-card professional wrestler than a cage fighter. Often outfitted in three-piece suits, he riles up fans with crazed monologues, taunts fighters mid-match with a wagged finger, and boldly predicts how long it'll take him to incapacitate opponents (usually two minutes, but even if foes don't tap, that's about the time McGregor "sees their eyes dim," as he puts it).

"What can I say? I'm a talker," he says.

His unique brand of bombast has earned him the title of the Emerald Isle's most googled athlete, not to mention a freshly inked Reebok contract, a worldwide legion of crazed, flag-waving supporters, and, this month, [at the time of writing] a title shot against featherweight champion José Aldo at UFC 189.

"My success isn't a result of arrogance – it's a result of belief," says the 66kg pounder, whose lean frame and wild-eyed stare make him look like some long-ago warrior who drinks ale from the skulls of conquered kings. "My belief is what brought me here; it's my most powerful ally. I knew I'd be in the UFC since I started my career."

Born in Crumlin, a scrappy suburb of Dublin, McGregor, who, despite his antics, is stoic and poised away from the cage, says he's always had an "insatiable curiosity for combat". As a boy, he bounced from gym to gym, learning everything from capoeira to muay Thai. After a stint as a plumber, McGregor pursued MMA full-time and eventually made his way to the European circuit, where he earned the nickname "Notorious" as well as the lightweight and featherweight belts. He joined UFC in 2013 and was quickly recognised for his skills in both combat and scene-stealing.

"I have the greatest job in the world," McGregor says. "I get paid loads of cash for beating the crap out of people. And I'm very good at it." – **Matt Berical**





THIS PAGE:

(TOP) TRENCH, **GUCCI**;
SWEATER, **TOMMY HILFIGER**; PANTS,
BURBERRY BRIT;
BOOTS, **RED WING HERITAGE**;
(RIGHT) SWEATER AND
KNIT, **ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA COUTURE**

OPPOSITE PAGE:

TRENCH, SWEATER,
AND PANTS, **BURBERRY PRORSUM**; BEANIE,
BINGE KNITTING;
WATCH, **TUDOR**;
BOOTS, **RED WING HERITAGE**

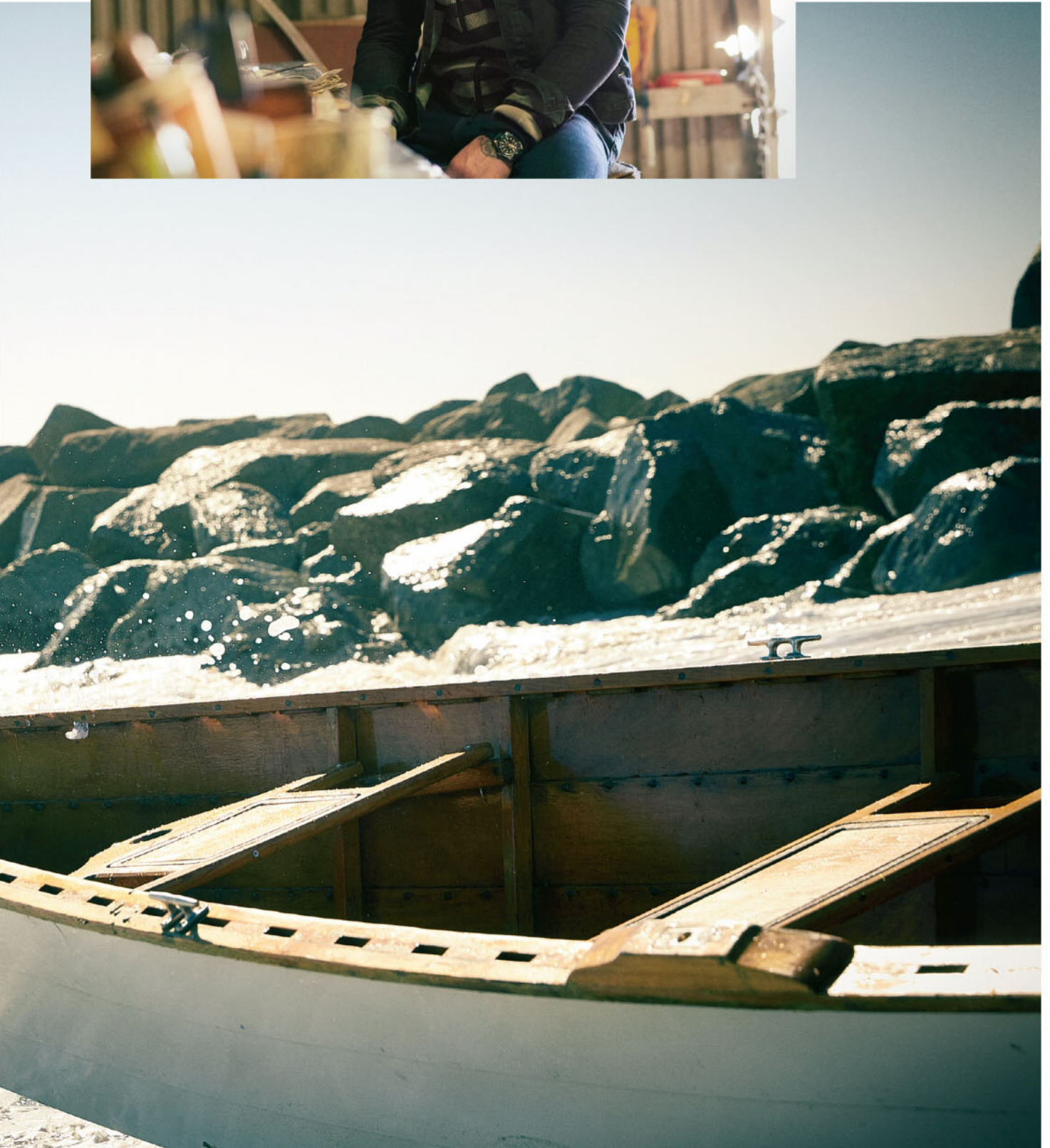






THIS PAGE:
 SWEATER AND PANTS,
BOTTEGA VENETA;
 T-SHIRT, **CANALI AT**
BLOOMINGDALE'S;
 BEANIE, **BINGE**
KNITTING;
 WATCH, **CITIZEN**

OPPOSITE PAGE:
 JACKET, **7 FOR**
ALL MANKIND
AT BLOOMINGDALE'S;
 JACKET, **GIORGIO**
ARMANI; SWEATER,
BALLY; JEANS,
AG JEANS;
 BEANIE, **ASOS**;
 WATCH, **TUDOR**



MARIA POPOVA

FEAST YOUR EYES ON THE RUSSIAN GLAMOUR MODEL READY TO MAKE WAVES ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCENE

Tell us a bit about yourself, Maria. I was born in St. Petersburg, Moscow, one of the most beautiful cities in the world and known for its architecture and cultural residents. I have always been passionate about fashion and beauty but was always so busy with school and studying to be an economist.

What are some of the must-see places in St. Petersburg?

I recommend coming here for at least a week or you will not have enough time to see all the sights. The city was built throughout many centuries but at the same time it has many different moods – there are romantic places, places for work, places for sadness and loneliness. You will not regret visiting!

We LOVE sadness and loneliness! Sounds good, but if you could live anywhere in the world where would it be?

I love my city and its mentality. It's special. I respect our traditions and history. I mean, like everyone in the world, I like to travel. I have been to Europe and dream of visiting Asia and the United States, but this is my favorite place in the world.

So you've never been to Australia then?

No, I have not visited your beautiful country, but I want to! I'd love to see the Sydney Opera House, Harbour Bridge, Great Barrier Reef and the kangaroos!

What's one thing you'd change about the world?

I would change the attitude towards charity and make sure people do it out of sincerity and not fame or fortune.

If you could spend a day with anyone in the entire world, who would it be?

Miranda Kerr or Leonardo DiCaprio.

What do you find sexy in a man?

I find his mind, his charisma, and manhood sexy.

What's the best way for a guy to land a date with you?

Write to me, but it has to be original. I like real-life communication.

Also, surprise me! Who doesn't love surprises?!

Where would we go on our date?

I love tropical islands like Seychelles, Maldives or the Caribbean.

Sounds cheap enough! Do you kiss on the first date?

No, but maybe on the third date if you play your cards right.

Noted. What's your best piece of general advice for men?

You should always be a man and you have to respect and defend women. Also, don't forget to joke once in a while. I love a good sense of humour!

If you weren't modelling or acting what would you be doing?

I've always been interested in fashion and trends. After completing my studies my goal was to become a photographic model or fashion designer and my work would be associated with it.

What would you advise young women wanting to get into modelling?

It is very important to have and set a goal to achieve what's desired. At the same time, understand and be aware of all the difficulties along the way.

What's next for you?

I want to continue achieving success as an international model and also start my clothing brand. In the coming months you'll see all-new modelling work from me – new images, advertising campaigns, and advancements in my personal life. These are important as they will be a reflection of all of my work.

"I'D LOVE TO SEE THE SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE, HARBOUR BRIDGE, GREAT BARRIER REEF AND THE KANGAROOS!"







WOMAN OF THE WORLD



STATUS UPDATE

HOMETOWN

St. Petersburg,
Moscow, Russia.

BORN

October 18, 1992.

BEDTIME ATTIRE

"Commando!"

FAVORITE FOOD

"I love Russian cuisine with its
rich assortment and traditions.

Like Borscht (beetroot and
cabbage soup), pancakes, and
Okroshka (cold kvass soup with
vegetables and cooked meat)."

WEBSITE

maria-popova.com

FACEBOOK

facebook.com/
officialmariapopova

INSTAGRAM

@mmm_popova

PARK

THE 10 MOST **MESSED-UP THEME PARKS** IN THE WORLD

BY **DILVIN YASA**

LIFE

EVER WANTED TO BE INTERROGATED BY REAL EX-KGB AGENTS OR BE PSYCHOLOGICALLY AND PHYSICALLY ABUSED FOR FUN? FEEL LIKE RIDING A NUCLEAR REACTOR TOWER OR SIMPLY ENJOYING A CRUCIFIXION-AND-POPCORN COMBO? SIGN A SAFETY WAIVER AND ENTER ANY OF THESE PLACES (WHERE YOUR CHILDHOOD GOES TO DIE) AT YOUR OWN PERIL

Wunderland Kalk, Germany (1)

Ask any tortured creative rocking the music, art, or literary world today and they'll tell you the key to their genius is repressed childhood trauma (often helped by a side of narcotics). So, why not help your kids get on their way by spending annual holidays at Germany's Wunderland Kalk, a nuclear power plant turned amusement park? OK, admittedly, the power plant never actually went online so there is no danger of any Chernobyl-style disasters but there is something eerie about putting toddlers on a swing ride housed in a nuclear cooling tower, right? The park features more than 40 rides and the \$35 entrance fee includes unlimited chips, ice-cream, soft drinks, hot chocolate and hypertension. wunderlandkalkar.eu



THE HUMAN TOUCH

PARKS AND RECREATION TAKES ON A WHOLE NEW MEANING



Samcheok Haesindang Penis Park, South Korea (2-5)

For every man who feels their penis should be worshipped comes Haesindang (aka Penis Park), a clifftop park located on the East coast of South Korea. Devoted to paying big-ups to penises of every shape and size (and, inexplicably, the history of fishing), the collection of 50-odd erect phallic statues was created by Korean artists and feature everything from realistic pee pees to the delightful Chinese zodiac of sculptures where various animals are erotically carved inside life-size penises. Disturbingly, the park also houses Korea's largest aquarium. The entry fee? That's right, only \$3.50. thesouthkoreatravelguide.com

Love Land, South Korea (6-11)

You've treated your body like an amusement park for years so why not take the next step and visit a sexual amusement park? Love Land, located on what was traditionally honeymoon spot Jeju Island, is what their website declares to be "a place where art-orientated love and eroticism meet" but is in actual fact an outdoor sculpture park the size of two soccer fields featuring some 140 statues in various sexual positions. But it's not all just about stone labias and phallic figures. You'll also get a chance to experience hands-on exhibits such as a 'masturbation-cycle' and sit through endless sex education movies. And yes, there's even a playground for the kids! jejuloveland.com

ETERNAL DAMNATION

WHERE WHORSHIPPING YOUR GOD TAKES YOU TO THE NEXT LEVEL



Haw Par Villa, Singapore (1-6)

Looking for new ways to torture and punish yourself for mortal sins committed during your lifetime? Give church a miss and head straight over to this popular (and free) theme park in the hills of Pasir Panjang. Ostensibly created to "introduce tourists to Chinese folklore and mythology", its main attraction is the Ten Courts of Hell – a gruesome exhibition detailing hell as imagined by Buddhists. Our personal fave? A depiction of an executioner pulling intestines out of a man tied to a pole as punishment for cheating on his exams. yoursingapore.com

Holy Land Experience, USA (7-9)

A quick trip to Holy Land, a Christian theme park located in Orlando, Florida, and you'll struggle to keep Jesus in your heart and also your nightmares. The experience starts off gently enough with toe-tapping Last Supper and Virgin Birth exhibits set to music, but twice a day patrons watch their adored prophet be reduced to a bloody pulp, paraded through the park, and crucified for their viewing pleasure. And what do you do once Christ has died? The *Celebrate Jesus Karaoke Show*, of course! Entry is US\$50. holylandexperience.com



Shijingshan Amusement Park, China (10)

Commonly referred to as ‘The copyright-infringiest place on Earth’, this Beijing amusement park takes the world of counterfeit to a whole new level by basically giving the average tourist the Disneyland experience without bothering with any of those fluffy copyright issues which plagues the rest of society. There are variations of Sleeping Beauty’s Castle, Magic Kingdom’s Splash Mountain and Disneyland’s Toon Town, and even famous Disney characters like Mickey Mouse and Goofy walking around – each with a blink-and-you’ll-miss-it variation. But since Disneyland has been trying to sue them, Shijingshan have been making all the necessary changes to keep the tourists coming – like putting out press releases declaring their Minnie Mouse to actually be a cat. You know, trapped inside a mouse’s body. Understandably, their website is currently ‘offline’.

Soviet Bunker, Lithuania (11)

Ever watched a documentary on Soviet-era hardship and wished to God you could experience that kind of trauma yourself? Run, don’t walk, to Lithuania’s Soviet Bunker where you too can experience being locked into an authentic bunker, be viciously interrogated by real ex-KGB agents, forced to sign confessions for crimes you haven’t actually committed, and be both psychologically and physically abused just for fun! Unsurprisingly, you will have to sign a safety waiver before you enter (and we assume this also covers the authentic Soviet meal you have to eat). On the bright side, you’ll also be offered a snack and a shot of vodka at the end. Prices start from 230 Euros. sovietbunker.com



Mini-Europe, Belgium

An extended European sojourn has long been on the bucket-list for just about every traveller, but with the Australian Dollar falling quicker than a call girl’s under garments after pay day at the mine, why not get creative and visit 80+ must-see destinations of the EU by simply popping over to Belgium? Yep, playing havoc with your mind (and geography skills) is Mini-Europe, a theme park in Brussels featuring over 350 miniature 1:25 scale models of monuments located across Europe. For \$20, you can kiss under (well, actually, above) the Eiffel Tower, listen to the chimes of London’s Big Ben and do that really annoying pushing-the-Leaning-Tower-Of-Pisa thing with your hands all tourists love to happy snap – just don’t promise your gal the romantic trip of a lifetime or shit might get ugly. minieurope.be



Diggerland, England (12)

It’s hard to know what’s more confusing about Diggerland – that it actually exists or that it’s so popular there are four parks dotted around England to keep up with demand. But here, adults and kids can live out all of their construction fantasies – without the associated worries of a shitty paycheck and lifestyle arrangements – by riding and operating heavy machinery all day long. For \$40 you can race dump trucks around massive plots of dirt, enjoy ‘attractions’ such as the Spindizzy, a modified ride where you sit in the bucket of a giant excavator, and enjoy The Dancing Diggers, a breathtaking 30-minute show featuring five JCBs and a mini loader performing a series of coordinated musical numbers and stunts. Hey, we kinda dig it. diggerland.com



Hacienda Napoles, Columbia (13)

What do you do when you gun down Pablo Escobar, once considered the world’s most powerful drug lord? You take his sprawling estate that occupies no less than 20 square kilometres of land and you turn that mother into a family friendly, safari-themed amusement park complete with butterfly enclosure. Visitors to the park will have to walk through the archway which features the very plane Escobar transported his first load of cocaine into the United States, but once you’re in the large park there are the countless zoo animals to see (including Vanessa the Hippo, the popular park mascot), large dinosaur sculptures, the burnt-out remains of Escobar’s antique car collection, plus horse riding, water attractions and more. Grisly death aside, it’s enough to make you want to get into cocaine production. haciendanaoples.com

FIGHT CLUB

IT'S THE ACTION DRAMA DUBBED AS *SONS OF ANARCHY* SET IN THE WORLD OF MMA AND THIS MONTH *KINGDOM SEASON 1* IS OUT ON DVD. TO CELEBRATE, WE CHAT TO CREATOR BYRON BALASCO AND THE CAST OF FIGHTERS GETTING THEIR BUTTS KICKED DAILY

Byron, you've followed MMA since the beginning. Does your story incorporate some of the evolution?

BYRON BALASCO (CREATOR):

Well, our story takes place in current times but we thread through the history of the sport and the people who were the ones who really brought it to the forefront. MMA is the backdrop of our world that we let our characters play in.

Is there a fight per episode?

BYRON BALASCO: It's not a fight per episode. The fights are really there to serve character and drive the story we're telling. The idea is that if people really want to watch a fight every week, they're going to watch a real fight. So, we make sure all of ours tell an emotional story and have context for our characters.

Nick, this is a different project to what you've done in the past. How did you come into this and do you love MMA?

NICK JONAS (NATE KULINA):

I really sunk my teeth in

preparing for the auditions because I respect these characters and stories. I didn't have a whole lot of experience in the MMA world but training myself, and watching fights, I've definitely been educated and fallen in love not only with the sport but with some of the stories I've heard of these fighters and the life they live.

Was there a lot of hectic training involved?

NICK JONAS: Yes. I did a little bit on my own and then Matt, Jonathan and I spent some time together in a fight boot camp every day with Joe "Daddy" Stevenson, who is our fight coordinator for the show. It was a great bonding experience for us but also really challenging. It gave us the mentality you have to have when stepping into the ring or cage.

MATT LAURIA (RYAN WHEELER):

I had been boxing for a couple of years, not daily but fairly regularly but to be a professional fighter is a whole other breed of man or woman. It's fascinating



1 & 2: The cast endured an intensive camp with top MMA trainers; **3:** Frank Grillo as Alvey Kulina; **4:** Every fight scene is shot differently; **5:** Matt Lauria, Nick Jonas, and Jonathan Tucker on set; **6:** Tucker says, "You've got to make it look authentic."



to get yourself somewhere close to that toughness.

BYRON BALASCO: We put all of these guys through a pretty intensive camp designed and organised by Greg Jackson, one of the top MMA trainers in the world. He has been a really valuable consultant with these guys. It's really about a fighter as a character and how they move through the world. You know, how do they pick up a fork? How do they walk into a room? We've really spent a lot of time getting all of that down because it's not just about being in shape and learning how to throw a stunt punch.

Is there something about the MMA world that, in the craft of making TV, appealed to you?

BYRON BALASCO: So much of the action is close. You see the fingers gripping into the ribs and the shifts of the weight and the breath these guys catch and the way they try to read each other. It's really exciting for us to shoot. We try to shoot every fight a little different because each has its own emotional tenor.

So which of you guys had the worst injuries from all the intense training?

JONATHAN TUCKER (JAY KULINA): You know, not often can you say you've got injured on set in a fight scene but to say it comes from a stunt guy, that's often a sign of bravery. But I get to say that Jay "Thoroughbred" Hieron, 185 pounds of Brooklyn smash, held me down in a mount, which is a specific position, tagged the ceiling with that elbow, and came right down and cut my head open. You learn that super glue really does fill up a cut.

"IT'S NOT JUST ABOUT BEING IN SHAPE AND LEARNING HOW TO THROW A STUNT PUNCH."



Anything good come from it?

JONATHAN TUCKER: It gives us the opportunity to learn about who these fighters are. All these fighters go into the cage with demons, whether it's addiction to alcohol or drugs or family issues or children that they're trying to support. I mean, it's very real and they're sometimes getting into the cage to feed that addiction or sometimes to literally feed their family. So, this training has been extraordinary.

MATT LAURIA: Yeah, I've got two bruised ears, another bruise the make-up girl nicely covered up this morning, and a swollen knuckle. When these things happen, you kind of go, "Now I get why *Fight Club* was *Fight Club*." It's like, "Yeah, it feels good."

FRANK GRILLO (ALVEY KULINA): But that's it - nobody stops. We

do have the luxury, I mean we had to force Chris, but we do have the luxury of having stunt doubles. And he could have easily said, "Get my double in here. I do not want to get punched in the head again."

MATT LAURIA: We're working our asses off. It's a constant thing. We're training in Brazilian jiu-jitsu, we had some Muay Thai training and I'm really focusing on the wrestling shit. I bought the ear protection so that, hopefully, I can have other roles after this. But I plan on continuing in the off season to kick my ass and get in there and keep training. You've got to make it look authentic. ■



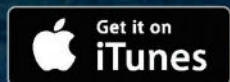
KINGDOM SEASON 1 IS NOW AVAILABLE FOR DIGITAL DOWNLOAD AND ON DVD

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LOYALTY.
AMBITION.

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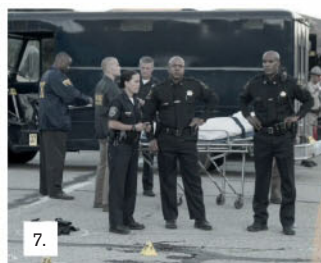
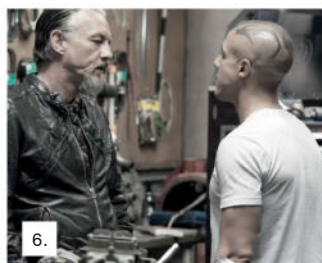
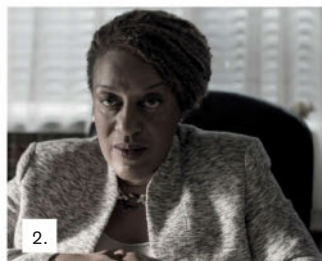
GLORY.
LUST.
BETRAYAL.

SEASON ONE



BUST UPS, BLOW UPS, AND BIG GUNS

WITH THE RELEASE OF *SONS OF ANARCHY* SEASON 6 ON DVD, WE TAKE A LOOK AT 10 OF THE BEST MOMENTS FROM THE PENULTIMATE GAME-CHANGING 13 EPISODES. SPOILER ALERT!



**SONS OF ANARCHY
SEASON 6 IS OUT NOW
ON BLU-RAY AND DVD**



1. The MC is violated in the ultimate way when its prized clubhouse is blown up. Timed to happen with everyone inside, this violation to their home wakes Jax up to the reality that he's decisions may possibly bring the demise of SAMCRO.

2. A deadly mass shooting at a local Charming school this season soon leads back to SAMCRO when it's discovered the gun used traces to the MC. Enter DA Tyne Patterson who makes it very clear she is there to undo the Club and put all its members behind bars.

3. It's a colourful all-in with Clay at the centre of a massive jailyard bust up. Having been framed for the murder of Damon

Pope, it doesn't take long for Pope's guys inside to want revenge and the exiled MC President is forced to quickly make new friends.

4. Tara's determination to get her sons away from the Club leads to a dirty face-off with Gemma. Certain to spell the end of the matriarch's hold over Jax, Gemma is left isolated as all of Tara's recent behavior suddenly starts to make sense.

5. The growing tension between Jax and his mother reach and all time boiling point with the MC President, finally blowing up with a big fist fight with the protective Nero at Dios.

6. The strength of the Club

faces its toughest trials to date in this season with a number of its allies convinced to turn by DA Tyne Patterson. This sees the ultimate betrayals surface and results in the biggest bust ups within the MC.

7. In an effort to get his club away from the illegal guns and the IRA, Jax agrees to a massive takedown which results in a gun battle with the feds. With one of his own men badly injured, SAMCRO continues to venture further into dangerous territory.

8. To secure their exit out of the gun trade, Jax must draw agreements between battling clubs and gangs. The racial tensions and ongoing hatred between these enemies result

in some unforeseen and underhanded plays, leaving behind a slew of dead bodies and pissed off egos.

9. It's a battle of the clubs with SAMCRO pitting allies against each other and wiping out big players in a couple of major gun fights. And culminating in an epic one that sees Jax take off the ultimate final hit.

10. As to be expected there's a couple of big losses in the final episode, with Jax saying goodbye to one of his most loved. It's the end to a battle between his two leading ladies and leaves us hanging to work out how long the one left standing will go on with this lie.

MAXIM

AUSTRALIA

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INTERSTELLAR



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THE TOMBSTONES



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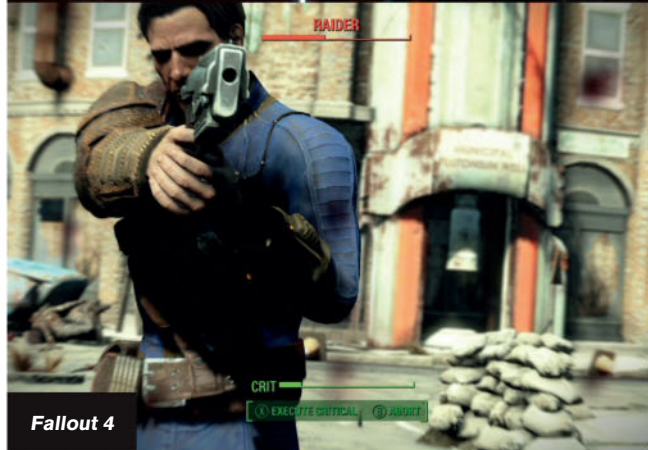
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E3

2015

THE ELECTRONIC ENTERTAINMENT EXPO IS THE BIGGEST SHINDIG ON THE GAMES CALENDAR AND MAXIM WAS THERE FOR A SNEAK PEEK OF THE BIG REVEALS COMING SOON!

BY CHRIS STEAD



Fallout 4



▲ FOR HONOR (PS4, XBO, PC)

Let's start with a brand new IP from one of our favourite developers? Assassins Creed and Tom Clancy masterminds Ubisoft revealed *For Honor* and we were one of the lucky few to play it. The game mixes the frantic battlefields of a *Dynasty Warriors* with the precise swordplay of a *Dark Souls*, all in an online environment. We played a 4v4 capture the base mode and working as a team is crucial due to the need to stay facing a foe to defend their attacks, leaving your flanks and back vulnerable. Combat reminds us of *Fight Night* as you parry attacks and look for openings, while various environmental attacks and a well realised medieval setting seal the deal.

OUT: 2016

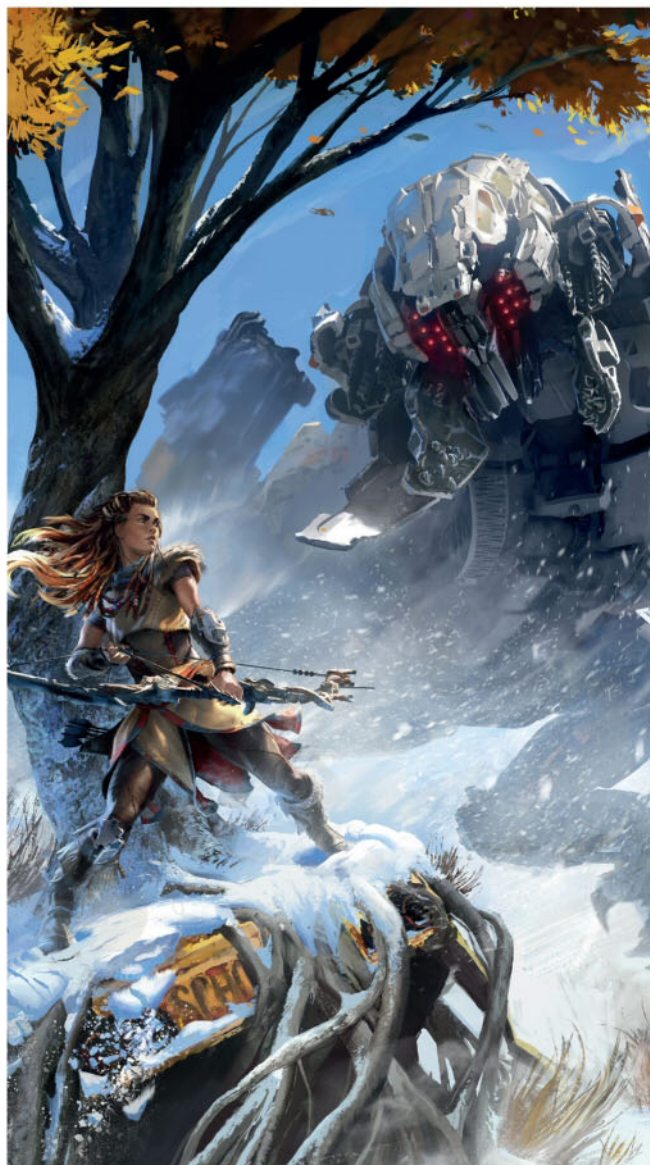
◀ MASS EFFECT: ANDROMEDA (PS4, XBO, PC)

We knew it was coming, but the fourth entry in the *Mass Effect* series was still a delightful announcement that sent the crowd into raptures. The game is set a significant time after the events of the original trilogy, and in a brand new galaxy. While there will be familiar units – including a new, far more driveable version of the Mako exploration buggy – and the focus on discovery, combat and characters will remain intact, it's clear this is a brand new beginning for the series. It's being developed on the Frostbite 3 (*Battlefield 4*) engine, too.

OUT: Q4 2016



Star Wars Battlefront



◀ HORIZON: ZERO DAWN

(PS4)

Sony wasn't without a big announcement of its own, and while *God of War* and *Gran Turismo* were conspicuous by their absence, *Killzone* developer Guerrilla Games made a big splash with a new IP, *Horizon: Zero Dawn*. It's set 1000 years into the future, where humanity has crumbled and mechanised beasts have taken control of the lush world. An action-RPG, you play as Aloy, a hunter and archer, who takes down these beasts so she can loot their parts to help craft new items and survive. It's an open-world with dynamic day/night cycles and multiple strategies to taking down enemies.

OUT: 2016

FALLOUT 4

(PS4, XBO, PC)

Bethesda started E3 with its first ever press conference and it was a cracker. Choosing a highlight is tough, but edging out the gorgeous but gory *Doom 4* and *Dishonored 2* is *Fallout 4*. The brilliant open-world, post-apocalyptic RPG is kind of mind-blowing, adding much needed improvements to the conversation system, expanding the world size and going crazy on customisation options – you can even mine for resources and build your own fully functioning settlement in the wasteland.

OUT: November 10

STAR WARS BATTLEFRONT

(PS4, XBO, PC)

We finally got to play the fresh new DICE (*Battlefield* series) interpretation of warfare in a galaxy far, far away, and it is undeniably fun. It's a much more accessible experience than *Battlefield*, scrolling back the destructibility and ramping up the fan service with spot on animations and sound effects. Controlling and piloting the famous vehicles while unloading the classic weaponry on battlefields swarming with iconic foes isn't as tactically deep as *Battlefield*, but is cathartic in all the right ways. We played a mission set on Hoth, weaving through trenches while an AT-AT shot puffs of snow up around us. A splitscreen survival mode was also on hand, providing an entertaining co-op diversion.

OUT: November 19

ReCORE

(XBO)

The Microsoft line-up was strong, with excellent showings for *Halo 5: Guardians*, *Forza 6* and *Gears of War* (including a new *Gears 4* entry and an HD re-release of the original), but the new IP *ReCore* stole the show. The unusual pairing of Keiji Inafune (*Mega Man*, *Lost Planet*, *Dead Rising*) and Armitage (whose legacy includes the *Metroid Prime* series) deliver a lush, open-world, third-person, action-adventure game with a hefty focus on exploration. The most interesting gameplay mechanic involves the titular cores, orbs that hold the souls of robots and can be grabbed by the female protagonist's grappling hook, used as a weapon and transferred between contraptions.

OUT: Q2 2016



OTHER BIG STARS OF THE SHOW

*Metal Gear Solid V:
The Phantom Pain*

South Park:

Fractured But Whole

Deus Ex: Mankind Divided

Uncharted 4: A Thief's End

Rise of the Tomb Raider

Tony Hawk Pro Skater 5

Mirror's Edge: Catalyst

Star Fox Zero

The Division

Mad Max

ReCore

World of Tanks

WITH OVER 80 MILLION SIGNED-UP GAMERS SINCE ITS PC LAUNCH IN 2010, *World of Tanks* IS ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR GAMES ON EARTH THIS CARRIED TO ITS XBOX 360 LAUNCH IN 2014, WITH FOUR MILLION MORE PLAYERS JOINING THE FRAY. WITH NEW FEATURES AND VISUAL ENHANCEMENTS, DEVELOPER WARGAMING IS NOW READYING A NEXT-GEN ASSAULT ON THE XBOX ONE

GAME: *World of Tanks*

FORMAT: XBO

GENRE: Online Action

RELEASE DATE: July 28



Y

ou could be forgiven for thinking *World of Tanks* is a simple game at first glance. You choose a tank (categorised into Light, Medium or Heavy tank, Tank Destroyer or Self-Propelled Gun) and enter a wide open, random battlefield. You then need to work as a team with your fellow tank driving teammates to take down the opposition or capture a base – or both – as the mode

demands. Just about anyone can pick up and play the game and give it a good crack straightaway. The controls are simple to master and by streamlining everything into move, shoot and communicate, there's not a daunting skill gap between rookie and veterans.

However, this simple premise is given extraordinary depth thanks to the insane detail Wargaming has gone into in re-creating the more than 350 mid-20th century weapons of war available. They look, behave, sound and attack just like their real-world counterparts,

and their subtle strengths and weaknesses need to be maximised and exploited as the lay of the land and sway of battle demand.

Gaining experience and customising your tank is a huge and enjoyable time sink, but the game smartly wastes no time getting you in and out of matches, looping you straight back into the battlefield almost as soon as a match has ended. It's slow and measured gaming in comparison to, say, a *Halo*, yet it's served up in bite-sized morsels that ensure it's just as addictive.

For its debut on Xbox One, Wargaming has really enhanced the product, rebuilding its tanks and world from the ground-up for 4K resolution. The environment looks particularly dynamic and you can really hear the impact of this transition in the sound effects, too. All the social features are integrated as well, including Twitch.tv streaming, instant replays and screenshot uploads. In a particularly nice touch, the Xbox 360 and Xbox One games will work in unison, allowing you to use the same profile on both, and complete in multiplayer as one unified pool of combatants.

World of Tanks is a game you can play – and play happily for hundreds of hours – for free, and the Xbox One is a great place to dive in and try it out! ■

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GETTING TO KNOW...

LAURA AND JOANNA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY **WAYNE DANIELS**

THEY'RE THE STARS OF THE CONTROVERSIAL
ULTRA TUNE ADS BUT HOW WELL DO YOU
REALLY KNOW 'RUBBER GIRLS' LAURA
LYDALL AND JOANNA HILL? WE DELVE
DEEPER INTO THEIR WORLD TO FIND OUT
MORE ABOUT THE DYNAMIC DUO

INTERVIEWED BY **SANTI PINTADO**

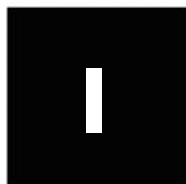


THIS PAGE:
BIKINI **TRIANG**
SHOES **ZU**
EARRINGS
COLETTE DIAMOND
BLACK CUFF **EQUIP**

OPPOSITE PAGE:
BIKINI TOP **JETS**
BIKINI BOTTOMS **BAKU**

PREVIOUS SPREAD:
LAURA
SWIMSUIT **HUIT 8**
SHOES **KURT GEIGER**
JO
BIKINI **TRIANG**
SHOES **ZU**
EARRINGS
COLETTE DIAMOND
CUFF **EQUIP BLACK**





currently live...

LAURA:

In the Gold Coast.

JO: In

beautiful Surfers Paradise.

When I'm not posing for MAXIM magazine I'm...

L: An ambassador for Ultra Tune and 3G Safety Watch. This keeps me busy and I'm constantly travelling and having lots of events to attend.

J: I'm playing an extra in a movie, preparing for a TV commercial or gossiping with my girlfriends. I love socialising!

The best thing about this shoot is...

L: Working with the great team and one of my favourite photographers, Wayne Daniels, and my best friend Jo. Fun!

J: I got to be in the best magazine in Australia alongside so many beautiful models and celebrities.

My best assets is...

L: My smile and my legs.

J: My creativity and thoughtfulness. I love the luxuries in life, making people feel good about themselves, and reflecting positive energy.

I can beat anyone at...

L: Blackjack.

J: Getting ready for a night out - four minutes is my average.

The last thing that made me lol...

L: Was when I was in the US recently and they couldn't understand my accent. They thought I was British!

J: Was this guy who sent me a rose emoji every day for a month on Facebook. Cute!

The worst pick-up line is...

L: "Your dad must be a terrorist because he made a bomb!"

J: "Is that a mirror in your pants as I can see myself in there later." Really?!

A guy is more likely

to get lucky with me if...

L: He's being real.

J: He has charm, a cheeky smile, and a good personality.

My perfect date is...

L: A candlelit dinner with a bottle of red watching the sunset.

J: Told that I'm going for dinner but when I turn up there is a helicopter taking me to an amazing island with a glass of champagne and strawberries.

The craziest night out I've had...

L: Was a few weeks ago at a mansion party in L.A. Tyga and Kendall Jenner got the microphone and started performing a four-song set in the living room before cops came and broke-up the party.

J: Was with my main girls. It doesn't matter where we are or where we go, as long as we are together we have the best time!

My go to drink is...

L: A Margarita.

J: A Mojito. It gets me going.

My hangover cure is...

L: Pancakes with ice cream... and a Berocca.

J: Pizza, chocolate lava cake, and movies.

Public nudity is...

L: Great for tanning.

J: Funny, and usually an over-intoxicated person not caring about anything.

The last person to see me naked...

L: Was my spray tan girl.

J: Same.

My fave way to get in trouble is...

L: To always kiss and tell.

J: To do the complete opposite to what I'm told. When I'm told not to do something I feel like doing it more.

At bedtime I wear...

L: Victoria's Secret silky sleepwear. Mmm...

J: Calvin Klein undies. So cosy!

The last time I burnt rubber was...

L: Last week driving around Brisbane with two friends.

J: Yesterday with the roof down driving with my girls.

What gets my motor running is...

L: Fast cars!

J: A good song playing and a really loud engine!







THIS PAGE:
BIKINI **VÈVE**
SHOES **VERSACE GOLD**

OPPOSITE PAGE:
LAURA
BIKINI TOP **JETS**
BIKINI BOTTOMS **BAKU**
JO
BIKINI **MOONTIDE**

STYLING BY
ELLE PERRING

MASTER THE LAYBACK SLASH

TWO-TIME WORLD CHAMPION SNOWBOARDER, **ALEX “CHUMPY” PULLIN**, SHARES HIS EXPERT TIPS ON HOW TOPULL-OFF THE LAYBACK SLASH (AKA ‘THE DROP WALLET’) ONE OF THE TRICKIEST MOUNTAIN MOVES ON THE SLOPES

BY **ALEX PULLIN**



STEP 1: The Layback Slash is a really fun move you can use anywhere on the mountain, even on a powder day or in slushy spring conditions. Wherever you spot a good place to bust one out, the better you read the conditions and the better it will feel and turn out.

STEP 2: Find a bank or wall of snow on the run that kind of resembles a wave that is standing up and about to break. Sometimes the last section of the half pipe is perfect for it, especially the side that has been in the sun for most of the day. On the wall of a cat track is often another good spot for it.

STEP 3: To do a Layback Slash you'll need to be facing the wall when heading towards it on your toe edge. The amount of speed you carry into it will decide how long or drawn out the turn will be. You can do a tighter slash at slower speeds or a bigger, more open, one when going faster and with more of a wall to work with.

STEP 4: As you approach the wall on your toe edge, set your line to match with your speed, as well as a nice bit of soft snow down the line where you aim to be when slashing. Then time your roll onto your heel edge as you feel your board wanting to come back down the face. At this point (left), throw the tail of your board hard into the spot you picked and put your back hand down to slide it along the snow to support a bit of your weight. Your other arm extends into the air to counter balance and to allow you to really push your heel edge around and get heaps of spray into the air.

STEP 5: Next you want to let your edge bite back in so your forward momentum will bring you back over your feet and you can push off the hand that's on the snow to help you ride away. Good luck! ■

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ANATOMY OF AN ATHLETE

THE Snowboarder

SINCE WINNING THE SNOWBOARD HALFPIPE AT THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS IN AUSTRIA EARLIER THIS YEAR, AUSSIE **SCOTTY JAMES** HAS BEEN ABSOLUTELY SMASHING IT INTERNATIONALLY. HERE THE 21-YEAR-OLD WINTER OLYMPIAN REVEALS THE SECRETS TO HIS SUCCESS



THE STATS

NAME
Scotty James

BORN
July 6, 1994

NICKNAME
SJ

HEIGHT
182cm

WEIGHT
84kg

TWITTER
scottjames31

INSTAGRAM
scottjames31

WEBSITE
scottjames.com.au



H

HOW DID YOU GET INTO SNOWBOARDING, MATE?

Coming from a family who loves the snow and being fortunate enough to travel overseas to snowboard at a young age was a big part of what got me into the sport. My dad is very passionate about snowboarding and had a big influence on my career.

DESCRIBE A NORMAL TRAINING DAY FOR YOU?

Training is always dependent on the weather but usually after breakfast I do a warm up, sip on a Red Bull, listen to music and head out onto the mountain. I generally decide any goals or new tricks I want to learn, the night before so I can mentally prepare for it overnight and morning. I train six days a week and always try to have Sunday off unless it's an awesome powder

day. I can't miss out on those - they're extremely valuable!

IS THERE ANY SPECIFIC TRAINING YOU NEED TO DO?

Staying on top of strength and flexibility through the season, and off-season, plays a huge part. Physically, snowboarding can be a very demanding sport so making sure I'm flexible and have muscle where it counts, in order to take impact, is probably the most important.

HOW DO YOU PREPARE FOR COMPETITION?

For me it's all about feeling comfortable with myself and where my riding is at before a competition. For example, making sure I've done all my tricks before competition day and being happy with how they feel is essential. I listen to music 100% of the time, from when I wake-up to breakfast to until I finish the last run in the comp.

WHAT THINGS DO YOU LOOK OUT FOR WHILE COMPETING?

I watch other snowboarders riding in training and see where I play out in comparison to the field. I also watch out for what the judges are after. Every competition can have a different

judging panel so it's very important to be familiar with what they like to see.

DESCRIBE THE MENTAL STRENGTH NEEDED IN COMPETITIVE SNOWBOARDING?

To be mentally strong and prepared for a competition is key to the end result. Ultimately, you want to win by being able to control those feelings and emotions. Wanting to win too much can take you away from the task at hand. It's important to have a perfect balance between winning and knowing what you're there to achieve. For me, I just want to land the run and let the rest happen.

WHAT'S IT LIKE TO WIN?

It's amazing and funny. Funny because you always imagine what it's like and what you would do if you win but when it actually happens it's a sense of disbelief and all those feelings you thought you'd feel don't exist. It's hard to explain but it's damn good when it happens.

WHAT'S THE WORST INJURY YOU'VE ENCOUNTERED?

Snowboarding is a very high

impact sport and unfortunately getting injured is the price we pay sometimes. I've been pretty lucky with injuries, knock on wood, and owe it to the right people who physically prepare me so injuries don't happen.

IS THERE A SPECIFIC DIET NEEDED IN YOUR PROFESSION?

How well you fuel your body is important as it's going to keep you physically and mentally switched on. I try and eat meals that are going to last throughout the day as we don't always have the opportunity to eat during a competition and training on the mountain.

FINALLY, WHAT ADVICE DO YOU HAVE FOR ANYONE WANTING TO BECOME A COMPETITIVE SNOWBOARDER?

To always enjoy and have a passion for it. As much as snowboarding is my profession and job, I also have to know when to have fun and realise how good what I do is. Take a wholehearted approach to it and give it your all. Nothing is too far fetched, just give it a go and you will surprise yourself daily. ■

THE WORKOUT

MY LEGS AND CORE PLAY A MASSIVE ROLE IN MY FITNESS NEEDED TO COMPETE AT A HIGH LEVEL, PLUS DO THE TRICKS AND FAST REACTION NEEDED TO PULL THEM OFF.

LEGS: We focus on a lot of big movements in the gym. Squats are important when working the legs. It's important to be strong in this position. My program has a big emphasis on injury prevention so along with the squats and plyometrics there's lots of stretching and strengthening the smaller muscles important to activate during a movement.

CORE: Balance work is a great way to really improve core strength. Taking a pretty basic movement like a squat and making it a single leg squat, or a dumbbell shoulder press, while balancing on a BOSU are examples of exercises that will recruit more of those core muscles during the movement.

UPPER BODY: I don't do too much isolation with this muscle group. I like to stick to the big, basic pull and press moves - chest press, barbell row, shoulder press, etc... Having that extra bit of muscle tissue for protection against hard falls is always a good idea for riders hitting the park or dropping into the pipe.

FRESH POWDER

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3. ADIDAS ACTION 3 IN PROLEVEL, \$6.30, 1800 812 663

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4. LAB SERIES DAILY MOISTURE DEFENSE LOTION SPF15, \$80, 02 9381 1200

Powder shots to the face are tops, but not when you're left looking like a leper. This protects skin, thanks to heavy-duty moisturisers and SPF15.

5. CLARINS MEN FATIGUE FIGHTER ENERGISER GEL \$55, 02 9663 4277

The perfect post-après antidote,

this has all kinds of natural goop to make you look like you slept until first lift, instead of partying your way there.

6. CLARINS AFTER SUN MOISTURISER SELF TANNING, \$38, 02 9663 4277

Multi-tasking is this cream's middle name. It makes your skin look energised, puts back the moisture that the alpine air sucks out and adds a bit of a tan.

7. VENUSTUS EXTREME SPORTS BODY SERUM, \$49, www.venustus.com.au

Perfect after powder-days, this has menthol, black pepper, ginger, spearmint and clove, which will ease the pain of any wipeout you've had in the fluffy white stuff.

8. YES TO COCONUTS HEAD TO TOE RESTORING BALM, \$14.99, www.yestocarrots.com.au

The goop inside is awesome for chapped lips, torn skin around your fingernails or anywhere else you've got chafing.

9. THIS WORKS IN TRANSIT MUSCLE THERAPY, \$36,

Awesome stuff to ease the pain after a tough day. Roll it on (the massage action is really soothing) and it infuses relaxing, stimulating and pain relieving herbs into aching muscles.

10. REF MOLDING PASTE, \$34, www.luxbc.com.au

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11. DERMALOGICA AGE SMART MULTIVITAMIN POWER FIRM, \$70, www.dermalogica.com.au

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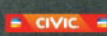
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CONTENT

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Get Real

CUT THROUGH THE CONFUSION TO A CLEAN-CUT SHAVE, EVERY DAY WITH THE NEW BIC FLEX 3

When it comes to shaving, you just want to get the job done. Forget faffing around with fancy gadgets - a close, clean, no-fuss shave, that doesn't leave nicks and cuts all over your face, is the desired result.

Which is why you'll be pretty stoked about the new BIC Flex 3. It has all you need for an awesome shave, with none of the stuff you don't. Think: spring-mounted triple blades boasting moveable technology to follow the curves of the face and body perfectly,

delivering a comfortable, precise shave, every time.

And how does it handle? Its rubber grip means no-slip shaving and the ergonomic design means even tricky-to-negotiate facial zones are way easy to de-fuzz. And what's the best way to use the BIC Flex 3? Easy. Lather with soap or shaving lotion then follow the curves of your face, pulling the skin taut in angled areas (cheekbones, chin and jaw bone). Rinse the blade clean after each swipe of the razor.

Essential Tips

HOT HINTS

- Shave after showering so the stubble will be softened and the hair follicle relaxed.
- Prevent ingrown hairs by using an exfoliating scrub twice a week.
- When shaving, begin by shaving with the direction of hair growth and then switch to against the direction of growth.
- Dry your razor after each use, by simply blotting it on a towel or aiming the nozzle of your better half's hairdryer at it for 20 seconds. This will keep the blades in top condition.
- Store your razor in a portable toothbrush holder to help keep it bacteria free and extend the life of the blade.



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* Based on an average adult daily diet of 8,700kj

STYLE

THE COVER UP

BY KATHERINE BERNARD

**SURVIVE WINTER
WITHOUT SACRIFICING
STYLE BY SHIELDING
YOURSELF IN ONE OF
THESE MODERN TAKES
ON TRADITIONAL
OVERCOATS**

DOWN JACKET

Eddie Bauer invented the traditional “puffer” jacket while nearly freezing to death on a mountaintop in the 1930s. It’s an all-American style built to withstand the elements. And luckily, these days you don’t have to look like you’re wearing a sleeping bag, with down-filled coats coming in a variety of materials, including leather, wool, and fleece. **Charcoal fleece double-layer parka** (\$2,695), cotton polo, and bonded wool flannel slim pants, Calvin Klein Collection. Short-sleeve crewneck tee, Gents.

A full-page photograph of a man with a beard and short hair, looking off to the side. He is wearing a dark navy peacoat over a grey crewneck sweater and a light blue dress shirt. He is holding a folded brown leather jacket in his right hand. The background consists of a blue wooden wall on the left and a brown wooden wall on the right.

OFFICER'S
COAT

If any outerwear carries authority, it's an officer's coat. Just think of Brad Pitt in *Inglourious Basterds*. This long overcoat adds structure to your silhouette and brings a welcome dose of refinement to any time of day. Wear it over your cashmere sweater when you get coffee on Saturday morning or over your best suit Saturday night. **Navy Bartson coat, Burberry London** (\$3,295). Crewneck sweater, cotton dress shirt, blue moleskin five-pocket pants, and sheepskin-lined gloves, Kiton.



STYLING, **SETH HOWARD**; GROOMING, **PASCAL POMA** USING **BECCA EVER MATTE** AND **L'ORÉAL PROFESSIONAL**; STYLING ASSISTANT, **PATRICK J. WARD**; GROOMING ASSISTANT, **RAQUEL MARTUCCELLI**; SHOT ON LOCATION AT **FREEMANS RESTAURANT, NYC**. ALL PRICES IN US DOLLARS.

PEACOAT

Shirt collars should never, ever be popped. Peacoat collars? Go for it. The practice dates back to naval sailors who flipped them up to keep the gales at bay. Think of the stiff, sculptural lapel as the Richard Serra of outerwear: The beauty is in the scale and the lines. And speaking of lines, a new peacoat should hug your sides. Ryan Gosling wears his with just the top two buttons fastened, which means it has to be trim. (From left) **Peacoat with leather lapel** (\$2,980), crewneck sweater, dress shirt, and trousers, Valentino. **Plaid peacoat** (\$2,750) and scoopneck sweater, Bottega Veneta. Dress shirt and denim, Kiton.

PARKA

The parka is rugged enough for extreme exploration, but it also has ties to the '90s rappers who loved to pair gold chains with a fur hood. The new parka maintains its hardy good looks even when paired with a suit or a shirt and tie. It's practical and devastatingly cool. And since parkas are down-filled, you don't usually need to layer and look bulky in winter months. Invest in a fitted, luxurious style, and pay attention to the details. **Explorer parka** (\$5,400), dress shirt, five-pocket pants, Tambour XL automatic chronograph, and County Derby shoes in cognac, Louis Vuitton. Socks, Falke.

Battery Life

SMARTPHONE BATTERIES HAVE NEVER BEEN SO STRESSED. IF THE LARGE LIBRARY OF MULTIMEDIA ENTERTAINMENT EXPERIENCES ALREADY AVAILABLE WEREN'T DEMANDING A LARGE CHUNK OF YOUR BATTERY LIFE, NOW WE HAVE INTERNET TV TO FACTOR INTO THE EQUATION. SO, HERE'S THE BEST BATTERY RECHARGING CASES FOR THE MOBILE MAN

BY CHRIS STEAD

PHONE:
Samsung Galaxy S6

CASE:
Mophie Galaxy S6 Juice Case

WINS: This premium case offers over 130% more battery life, but the case also works to enhance sound by redirecting the bottom speaker towards the phone's front. Soft rubber bumpers bring protection to the forefront, too, and the fashion conscious have black, white or gold options to choose from.

PHONE:
iPhone 6

CASE:
Anker's Ultra Slim Extended Battery Case

WINS: What it lacks in sleek design it more than makes up for in value. Capable of holding 117% of a battery charge, it also transfers that power at a blisteringly fast rate. Despite being one of the cheapest battery cases on the market, it's still one of the thinnest and lightest, too. Great value.

PHONE:
Sony Xperia Z3

CASE:
Mugen Power 3700mAh Battery Case

WINS: The 120% of power available in this case will charge you once, and leave an additional 20% to help you get through those long PlayStation 4 streaming sessions. It's a bit on the bulky side, but it keeps all the phone's many ports clear, and you can charge the case and phone at the same time without separating them, which is handy.

PHONE:
HTC One M9

CASE:
Random Order 9000mAh Rugged Portable Power Bank

WINS: The HTC One M9 is a thing of beauty; all soft curves and pixel perfect design, this powerful waterproof case will protect your phone from just about everything, and charge it three times over. Silicon entry points allow you to access ports when required, while it even has a flashlight!



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Why She Secretly Loves the Quickie

FROM PURE CONVENIENCE
TO RAW LUST, THE
REASONS VARY

BY ALI DRUCKER



Y

YOU WANT HER TOO BADLY TO WAIT

Sometimes slow is good. Other times, the have-to-have-you-right-this-minute look in your eye will bring her to new levels of arousal that a marathon sheet session can't evoke. Feeling uncontrollably desired is her ultimate aphrodisiac.

SHE LOVES TO LEAVE HER CLOTHES ON

Leave a little something to the imagination. In the rush to rip off layers, it's easy to miss how sexy she looks with just a few buttons undone and a skirt pulled up to her hips.

SHE DOESN'T WANT TO MISS GAME OF THRONES ANY MORE THAN YOU DO

Three-minute commercial break? No problem. Now pass the remote.

SHE DOESN'T WANT TO FIX HER HAIR OR MAKE-UP

Take a good look at the effortlessly beautiful girl you're lusting after. That didn't happen by accident. A quick roll in the proverbial hay is less likely to leave her running to the bathroom to touch up the lipstick you've just sucked off her face.

SOMETIMES, SHE'S JUST TOO TIRED TO GO FOR HOURS

She wants to get it on, but she doesn't want to fall asleep in that 9 A.M. meeting tomorrow, either. If you've been dating for a while and you're watching the honeymoon phase fade away in the rearview

mirror, quickies keep the romance alive while still acknowledging those eight hours of sleep are a priority.

IT'S YOUR BEST SHOT AT GETTING IT ON IN PUBLIC

Whether or not she'll admit it, she's almost certainly had a fantasy about doing the deed with the imminent threat of being discovered. In a car or in restaurant bathroom, if you're aiming to do it in public, she knows mastering the fast-paced bang is your safest bet to get down and get off scot free.

YOU CAN ALWAYS SPARE A FEW MINUTES

Like one of those infomercials for Five Minute Abs, the quickie cultivates a "no excuses" attitude. The beauty is that you can squeeze it in anytime, almost anywhere. There's your daily cardio.

SPUR-OF-THE-MOMENT IS SEXY

Those short bursts of passion that seemingly come out of nowhere are as surprising as they are alluring. It's easy to get stuck in a sex rut, but changing it up and throwing down on the kitchen counter as she's prepping dinner adds an exciting variety into the mix. Just be careful of any errant kitchen tools. Fork wounds = not sexy.

FAST DOESN'T MEAN FORGOING A FINISH

She trusts that she'll still come first, even if you've got a little less time to make it happen.

SHE KNOWS YOU'RE SAVING YOUR ENERGY FOR NEXT TIME

Banking a few fast and frenzied trysts means that sooner or later, you're due for a no holds barred blow out. And that's something you both won't mind worth waiting for.

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